

HIT COMICS

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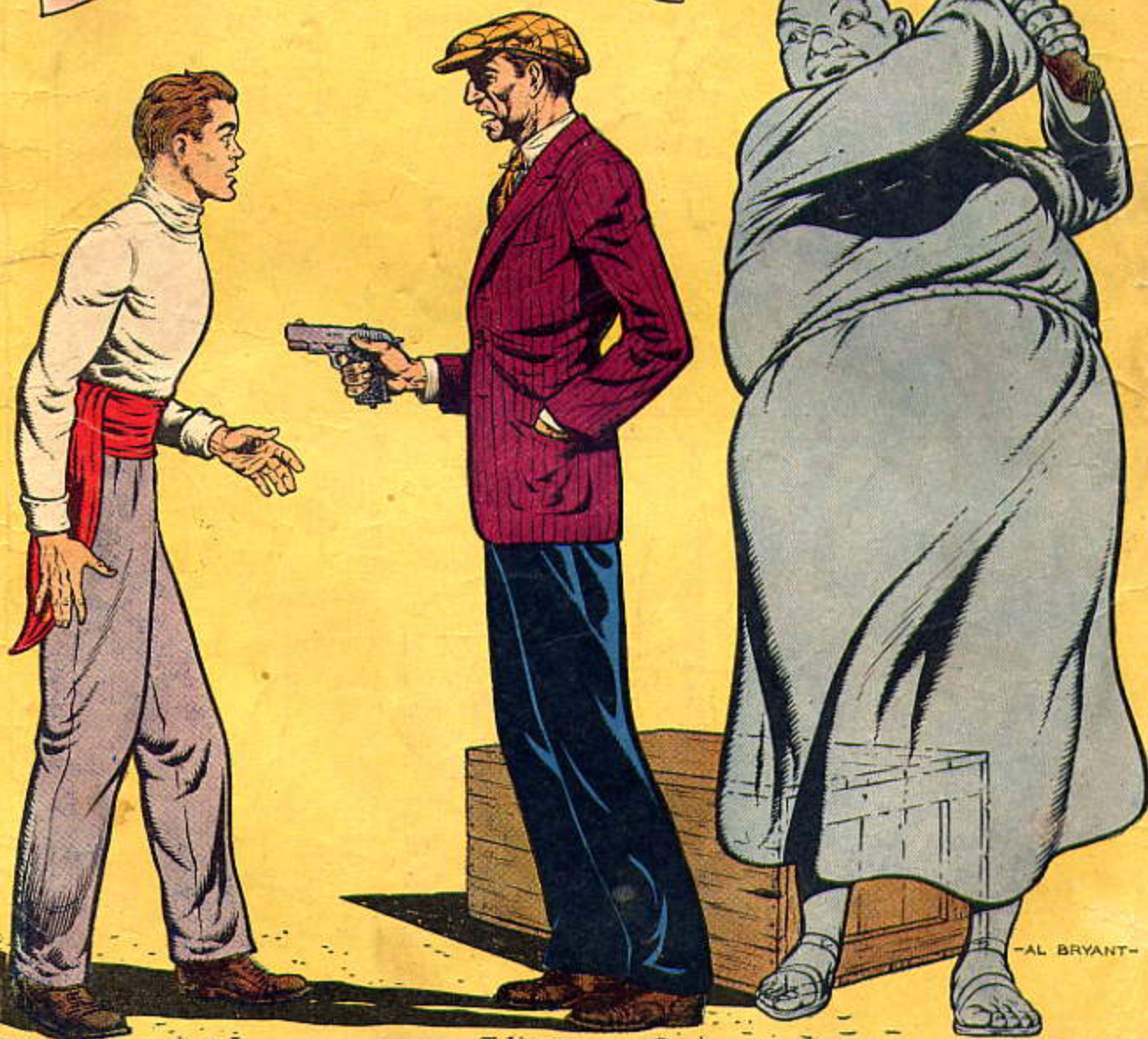
OPEN TONE



COPY FOR A.C. DISTRICT OFFICE

Kid ETERNITY

needs ALL HIS POWER to stop the
RUNAWAY RIVER BOAT!



-AL BRYANT-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

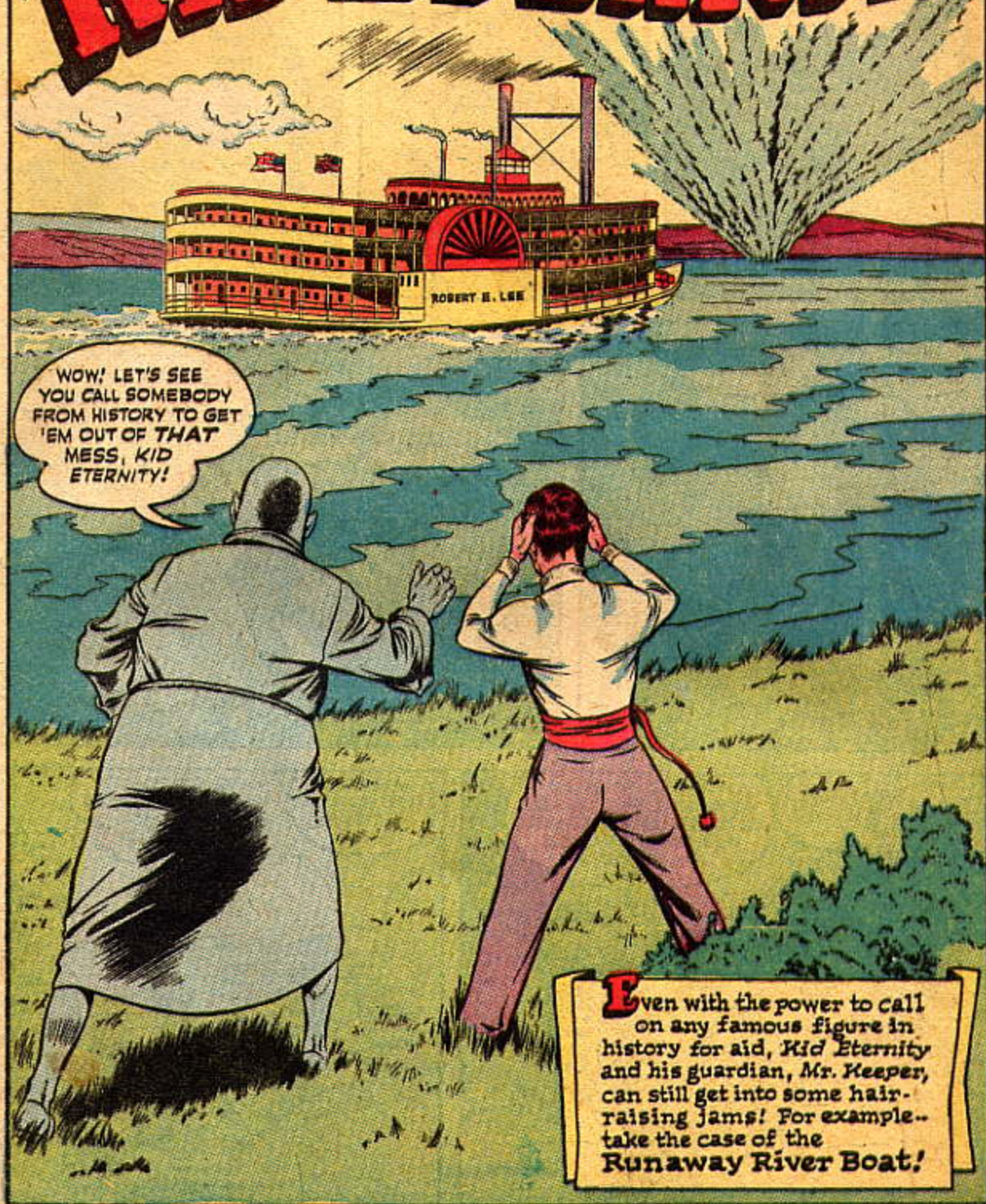


TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN** ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

HIT COMICS, Spring, 1946, No. 38. Published quarterly by Comic Magazines, 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. George E. Brenner, Editor. Entered as second-class matter March 22, 1940, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 605 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1946 by Comic Magazines. Printed in U.S.A.

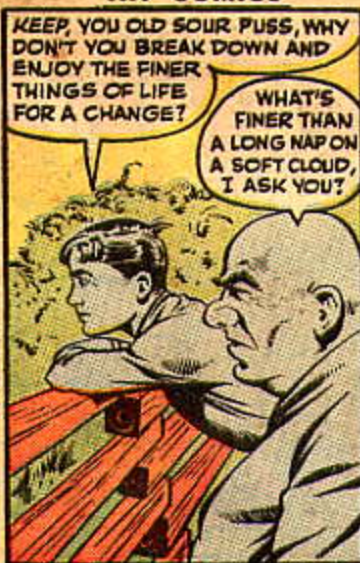
OPEN TONE
HIT COMICS FOR A.C. DISTRICT OFFICE

KID ETERNITY



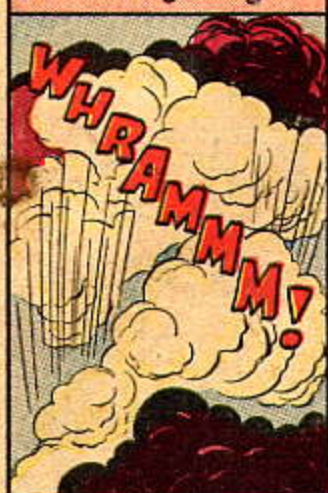
Even with the power to call on any famous figure in history for aid, Kid Eternity and his guardian, Mr. Keeper, can still get into some hair-raising jams! For example—take the case of the Runaway River Boat!

HIT COMICS



HIT COMICS

The magic word brings a crash of lightning...



...changing *Kid Eternity* from a spirit to a flesh and blood boy!



YOU CAN'T DO THAT, SIR! IT WOULD BE MURDER! YOU MIGHT HIT YOUR OWN DAUGHTER!

YOU MEDDLIN' BRAT! 'T WOULD SERVE 'EM BOTH RIGHT, SNEAKIN' BEHIND MY BACK! NOW THEY'VE GOT AWAY...



BUT I'LL FIX YOU FOR INTERFERIN' BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS GAL!

KID! LOOK OUT!

WAIT... OOOPS!



YOU'RE PROBABLY ANOTHER OF THOSE NO-GOOD SHOWBOAT BUMS! I'LL TEACH YOU...

WOW! THIS IS SERIOUS! I NEED HELP QUICK!... ETERNITY!

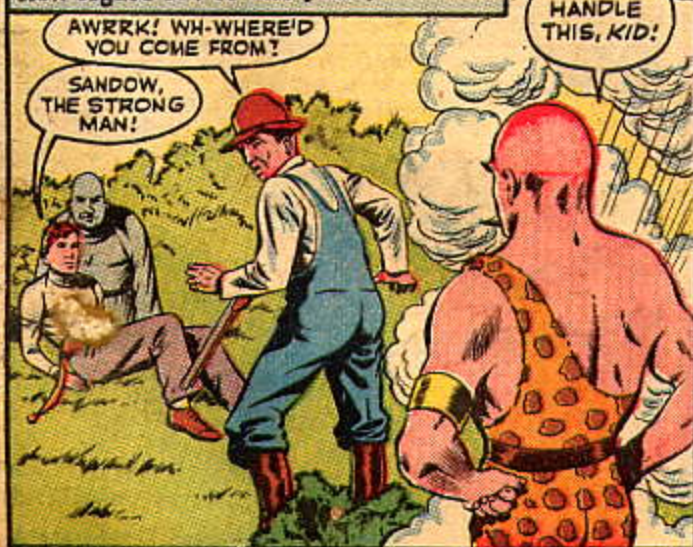


This time the magic word brings a new figure out of the past!

AWRRK! WH-WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

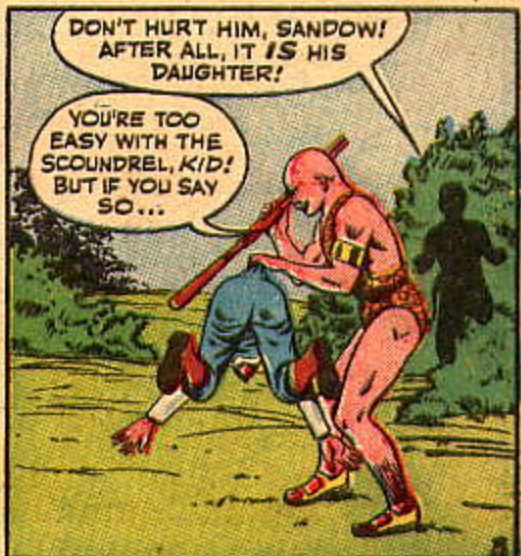
SANDOW, THE STRONG MAN!

I'LL HANDLE THIS, KID!

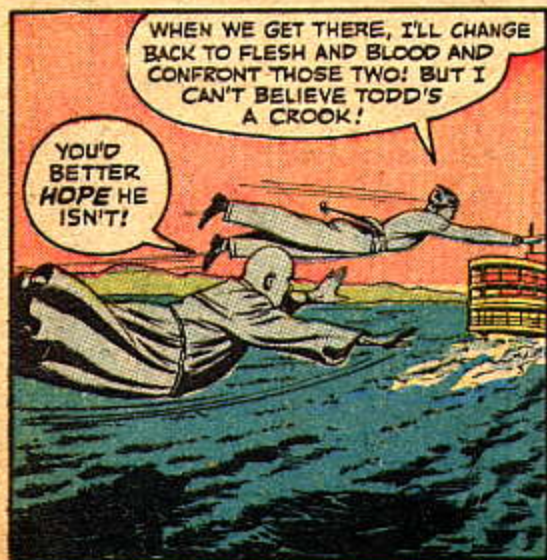
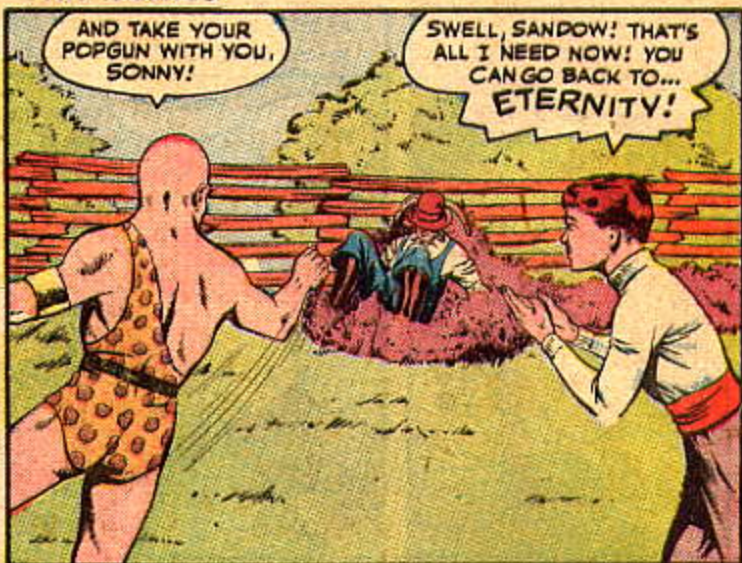


DON'T HURT HIM, SANDOW! AFTER ALL, IT IS HIS DAUGHTER!

YOU'RE TOO EASY WITH THE SCOUNDREL, KID! BUT IF YOU SAY SO...



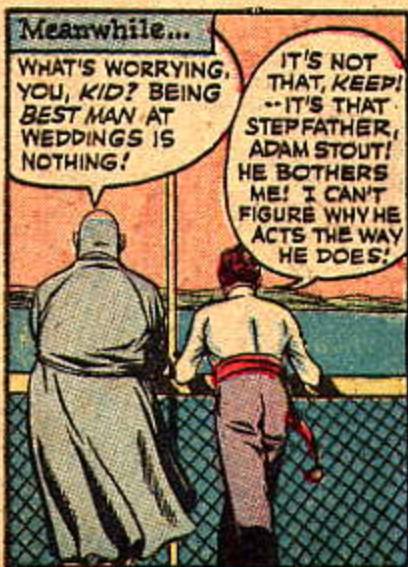
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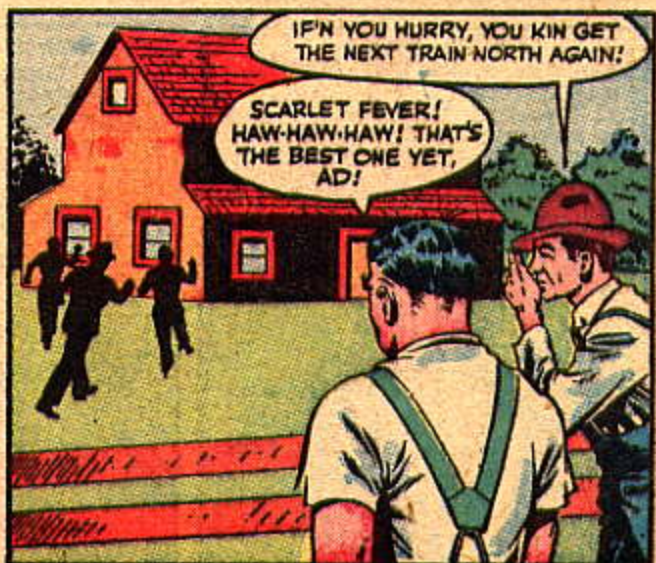
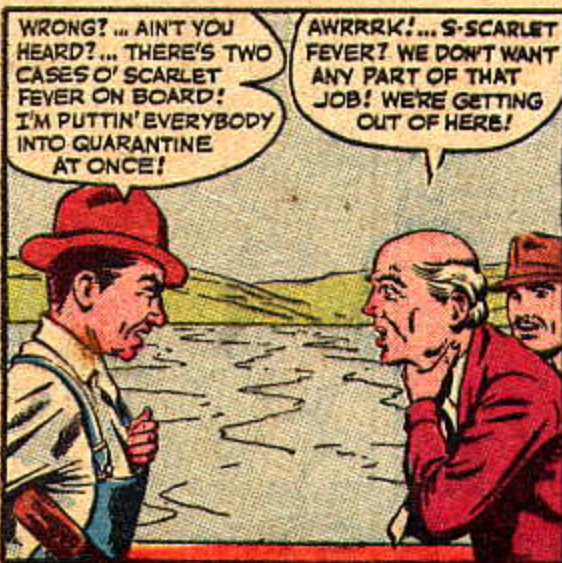
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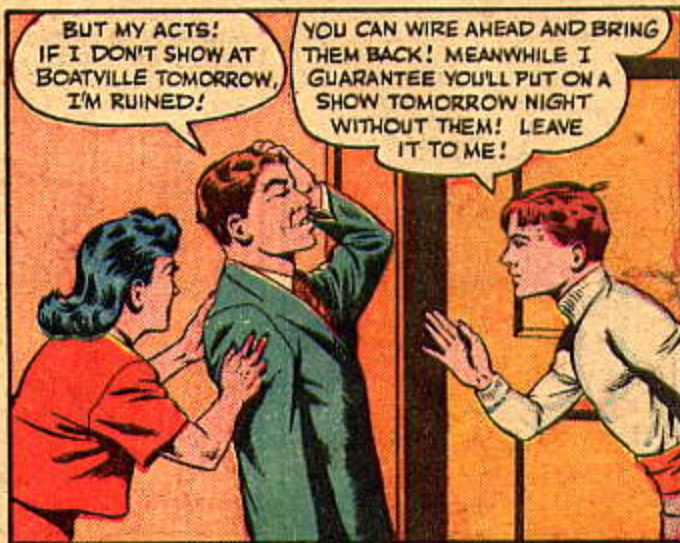
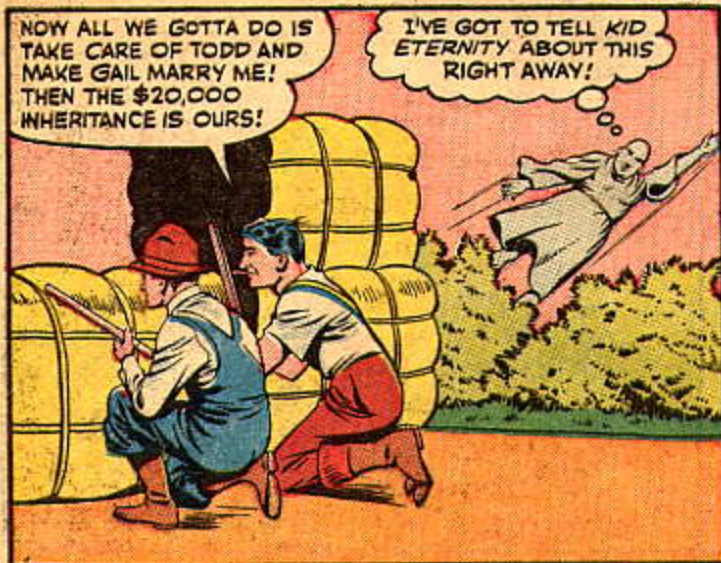
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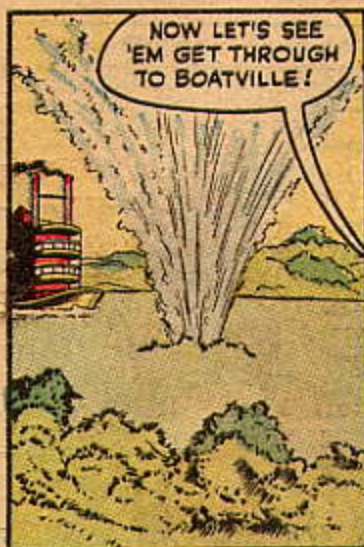
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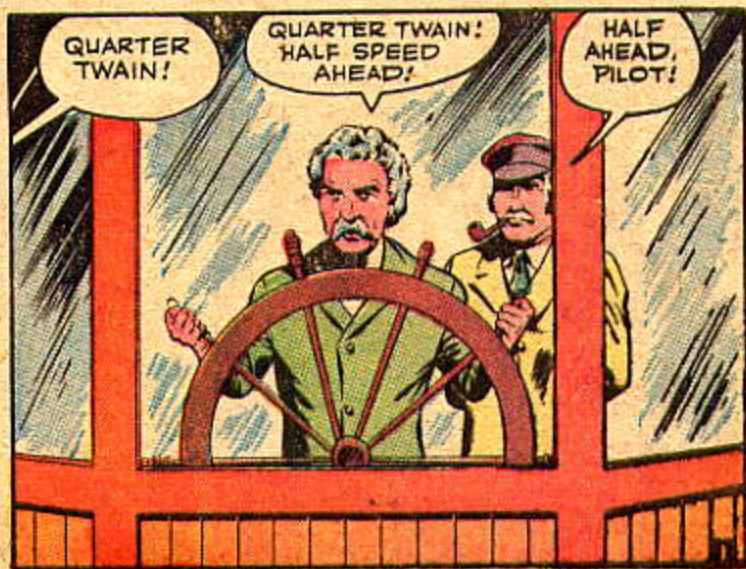
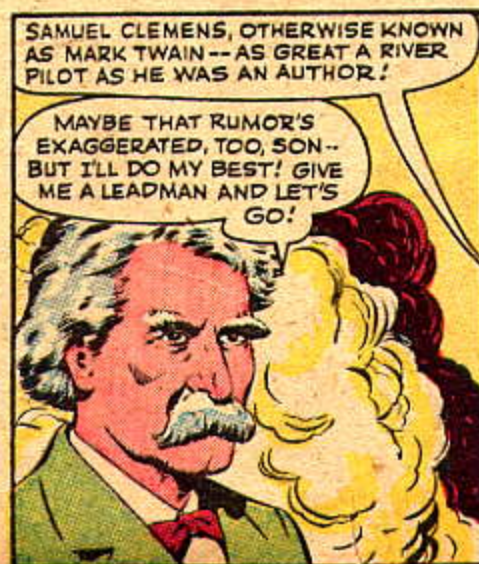
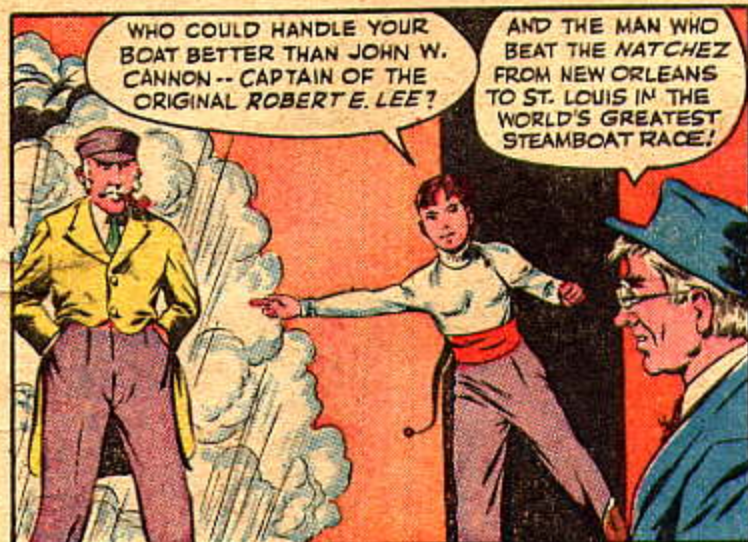
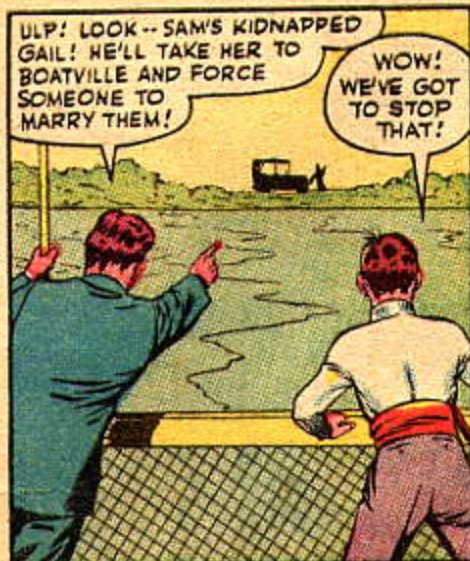
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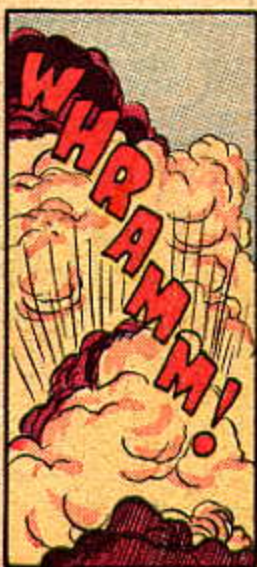
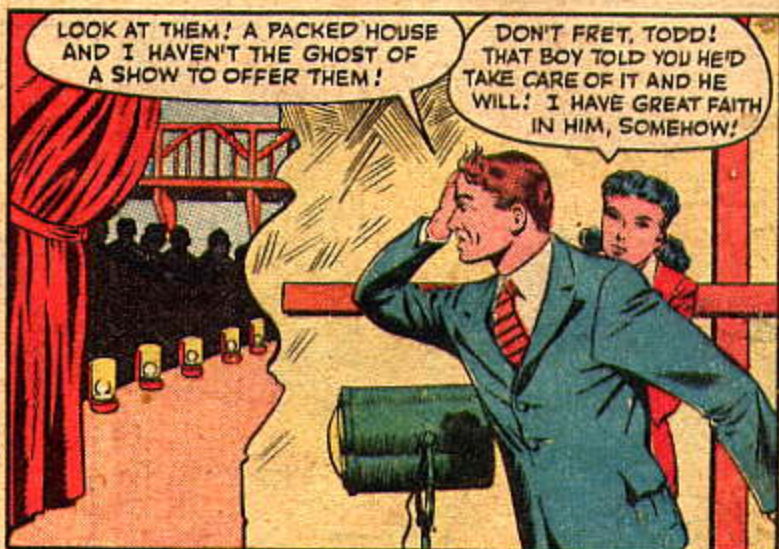
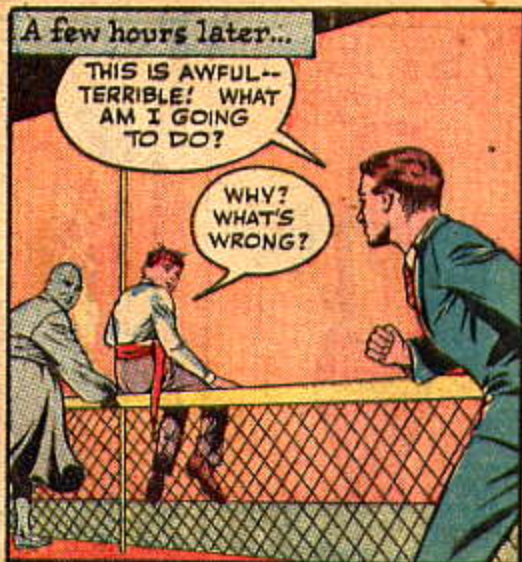
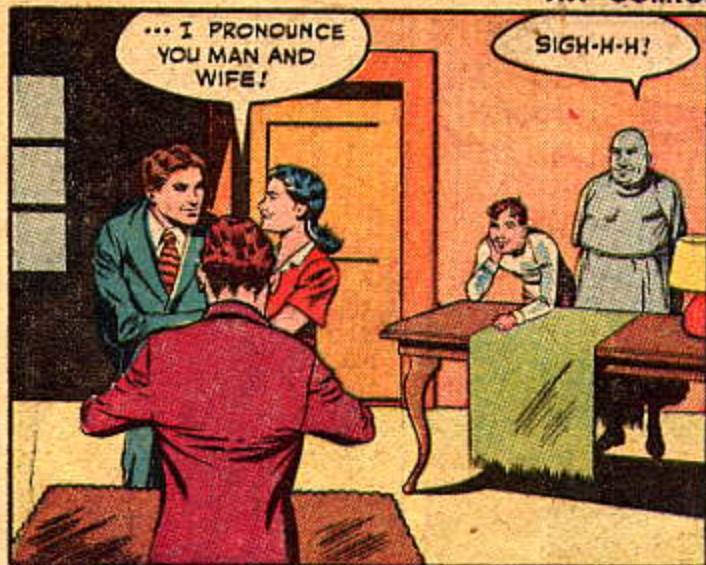


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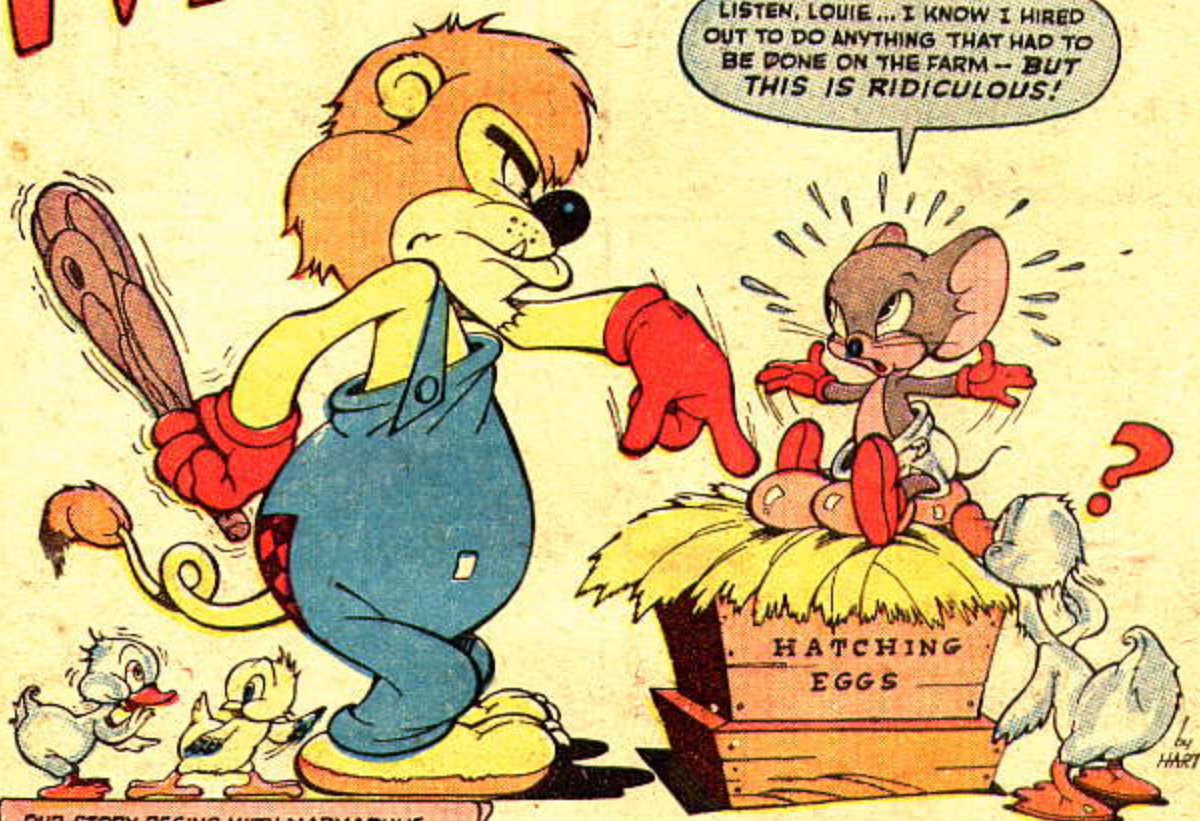


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MARMADUKE

MOUSE and Louie the Lion

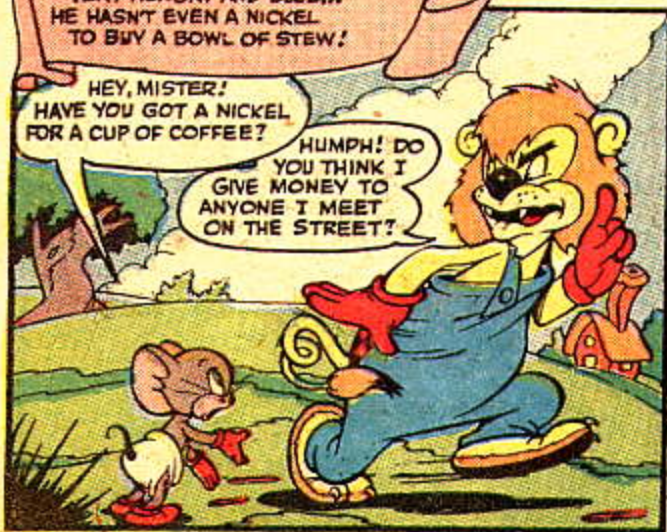
LISTEN, LOUIE ... I KNOW I HIRED
OUT TO DO ANYTHING THAT HAD TO
BE DONE ON THE FARM -- BUT
THIS IS RIDICULOUS!



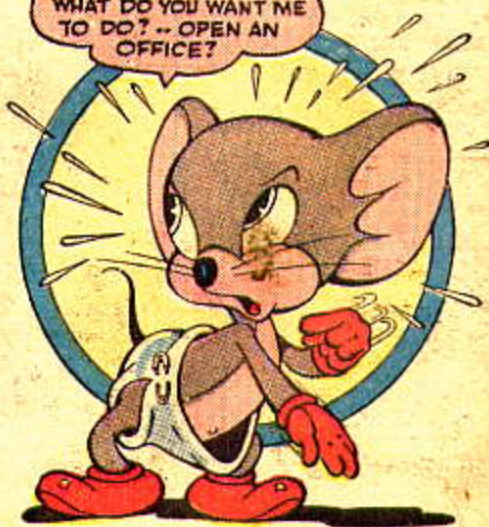
OUR STORY BEGINS WITH MARMADUKE
VERY HUNGRY AND BLUE...
HE HASN'T EVEN A NICKEL
TO BUY A BOWL OF STEW!

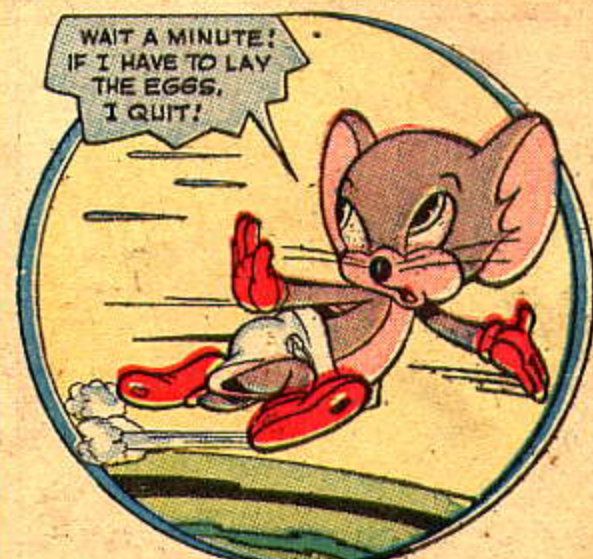
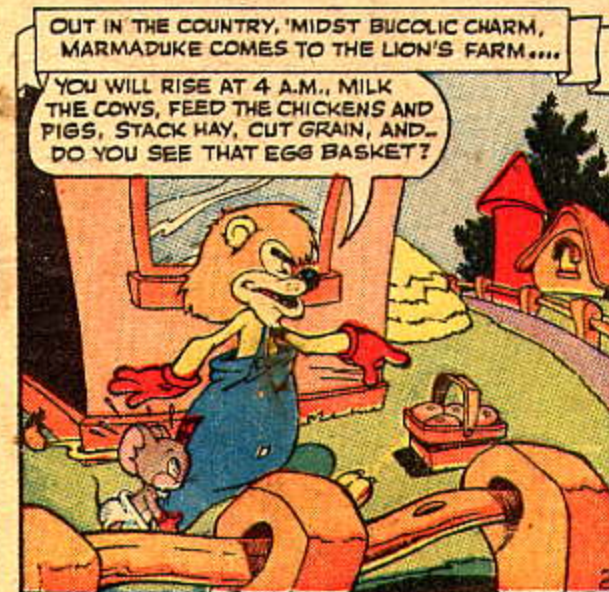
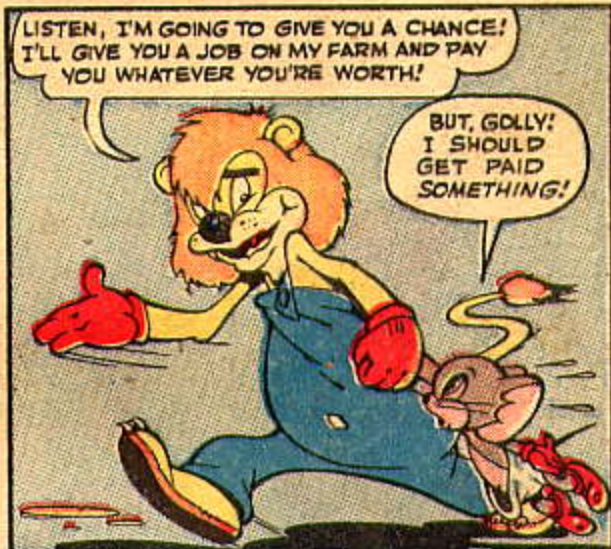
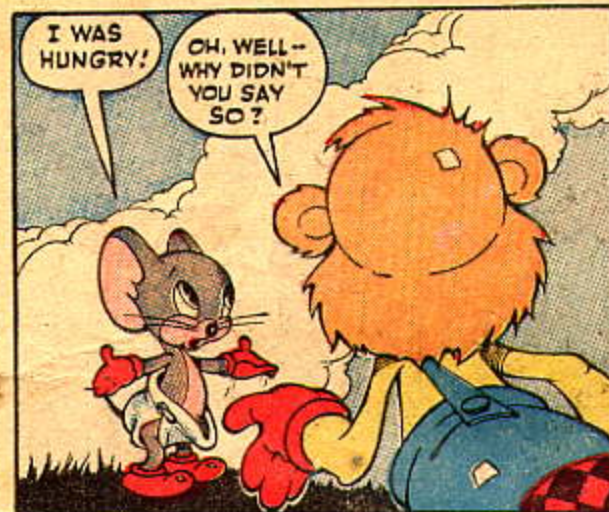
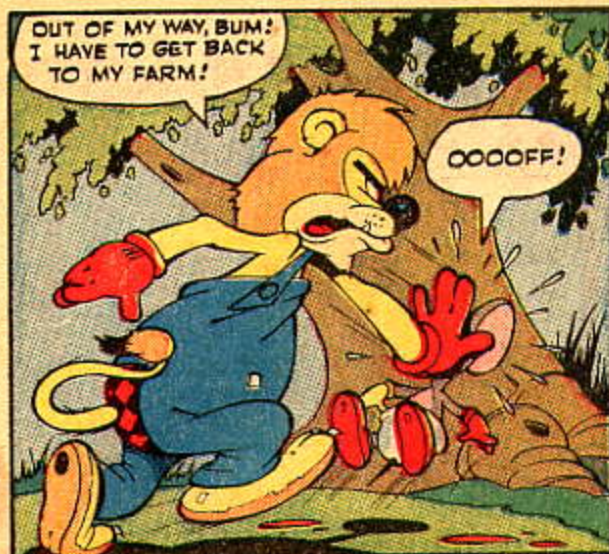
HEY, MISTER!
HAVE YOU GOT A NICKEL
FOR A CUP OF COFFEE?

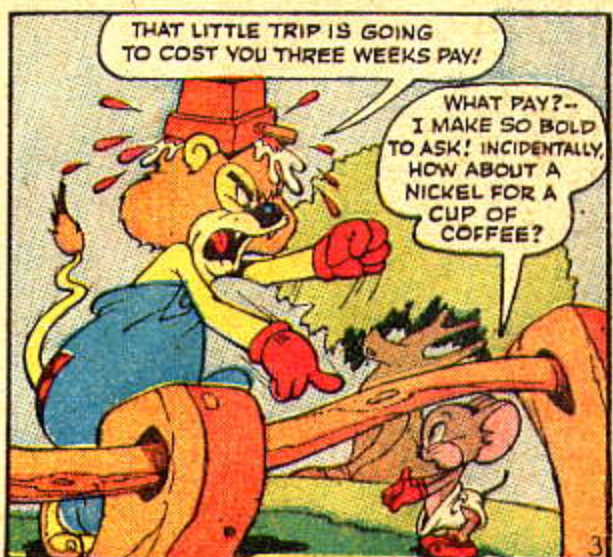
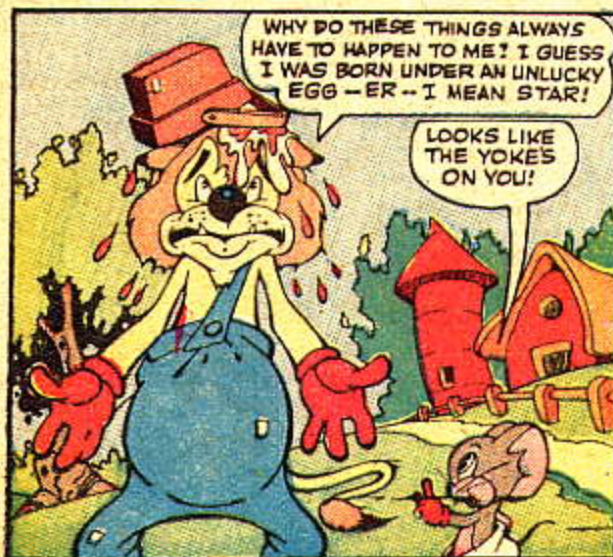
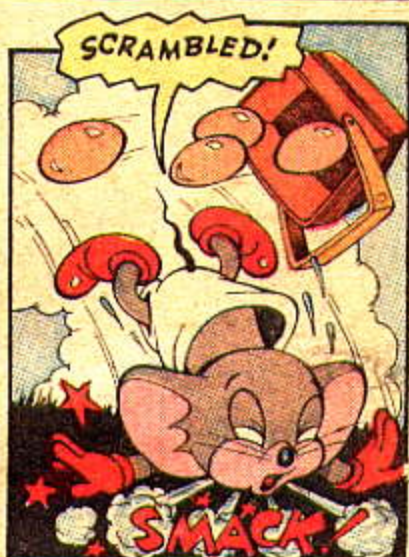
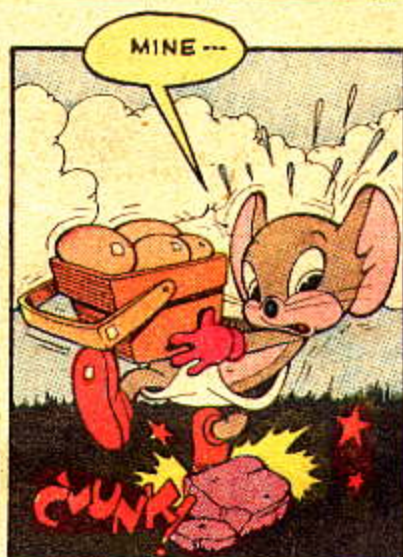
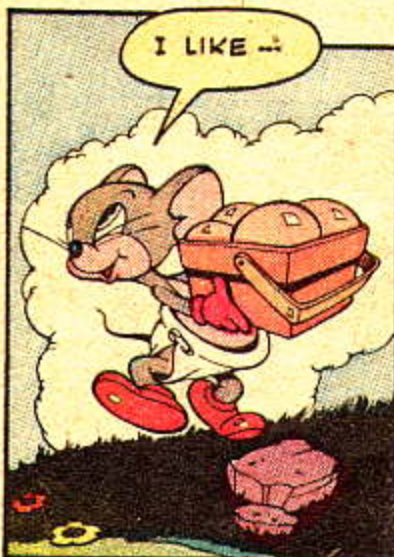
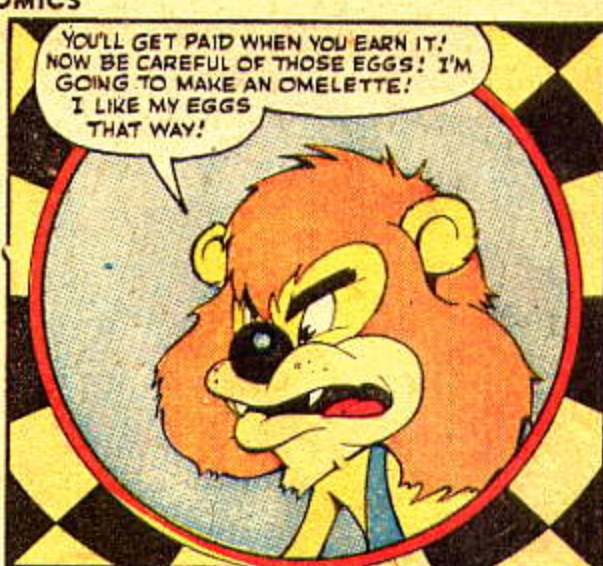
HUMPH! DO
YOU THINK I
GIVE MONEY TO
ANYONE I MEET
ON THE STREET?

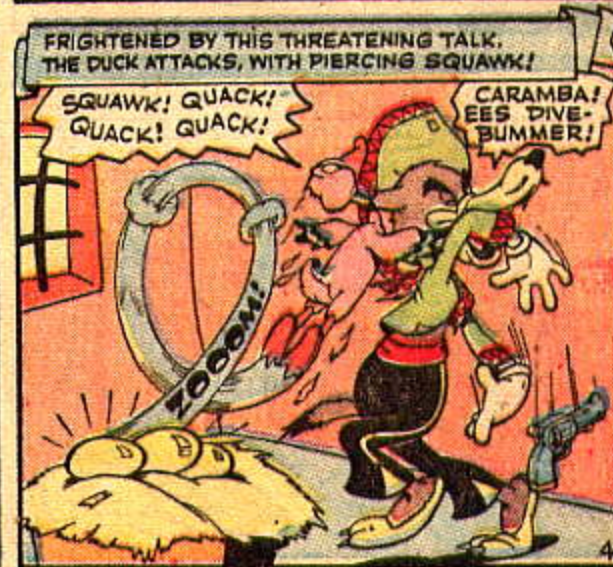
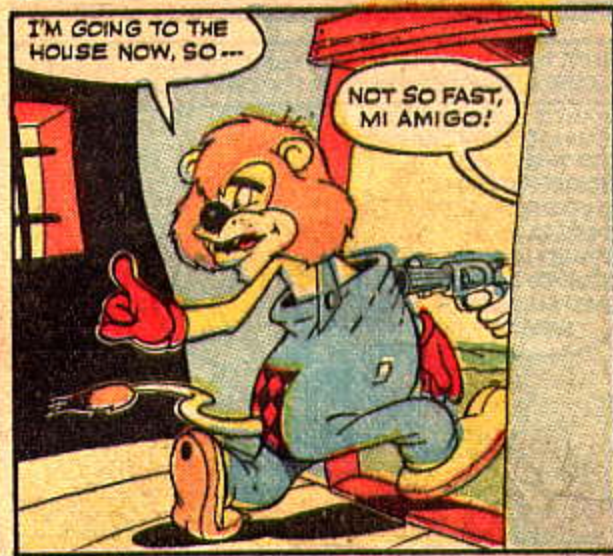
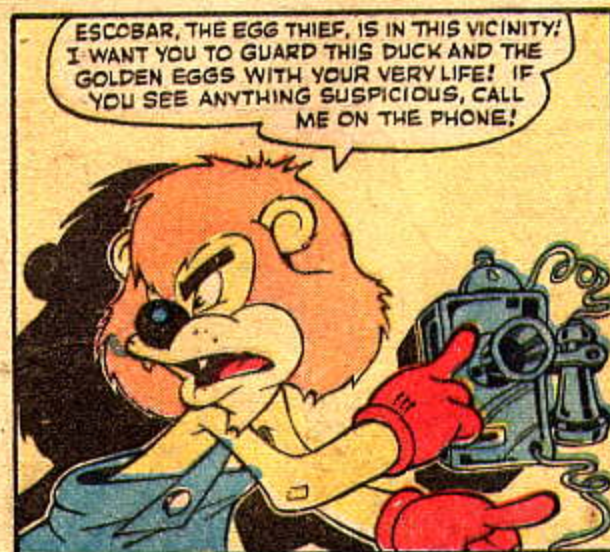
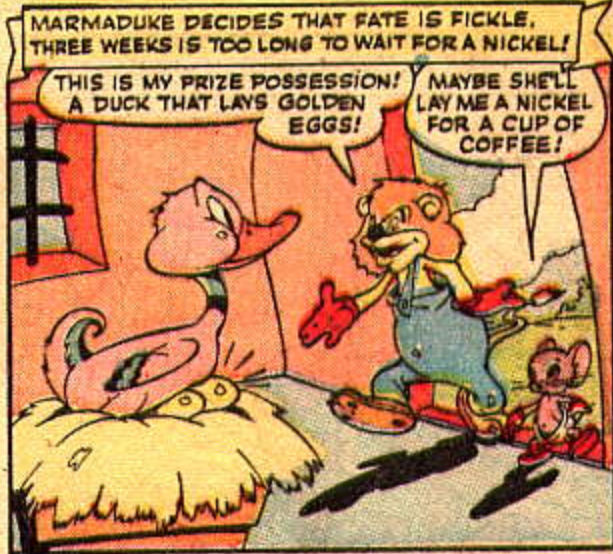
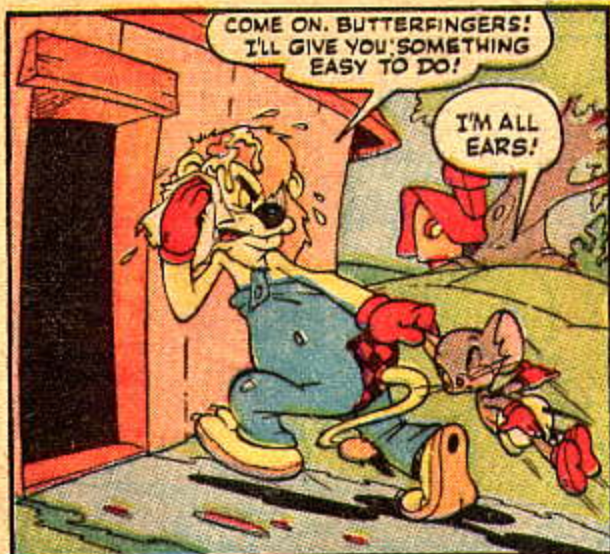


WHAT DO YOU WANT ME
TO DO? .. OPEN AN
OFFICE?

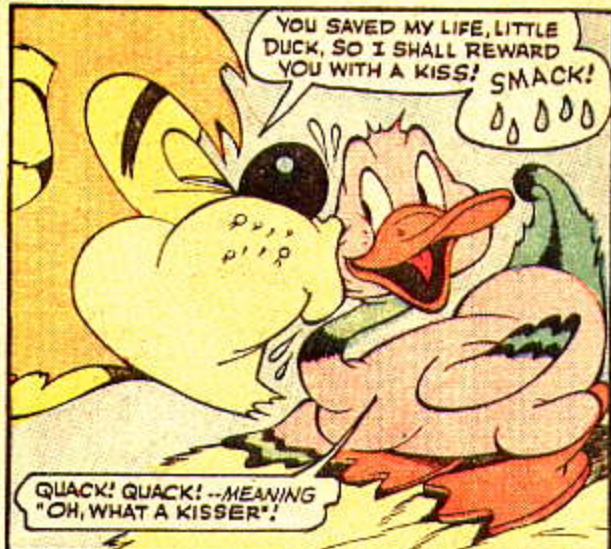
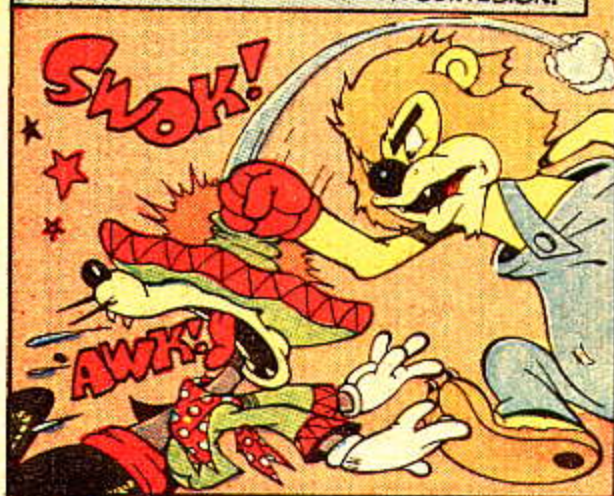








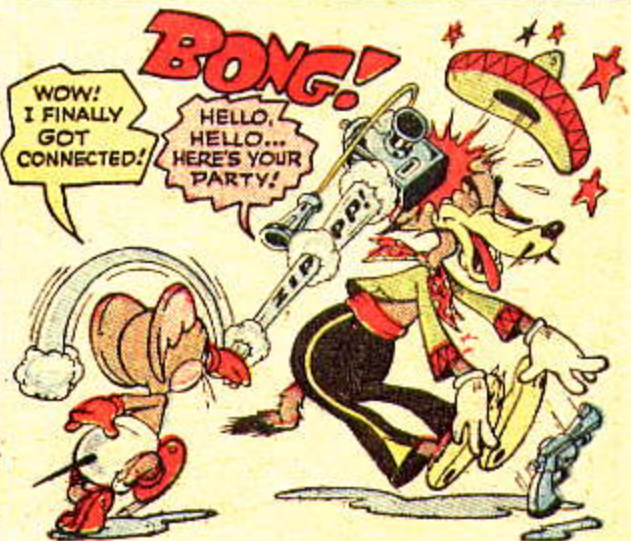
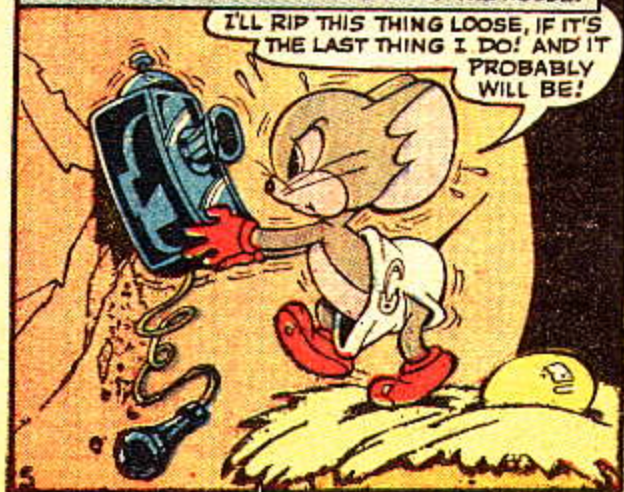
TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE MOMENT'S CONFUSION, LOUIE GIVES ESCOBAR A CRANIAL CONTUSION!

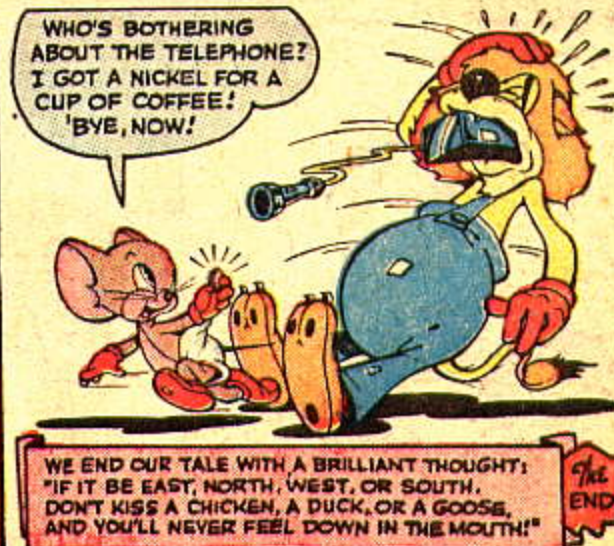
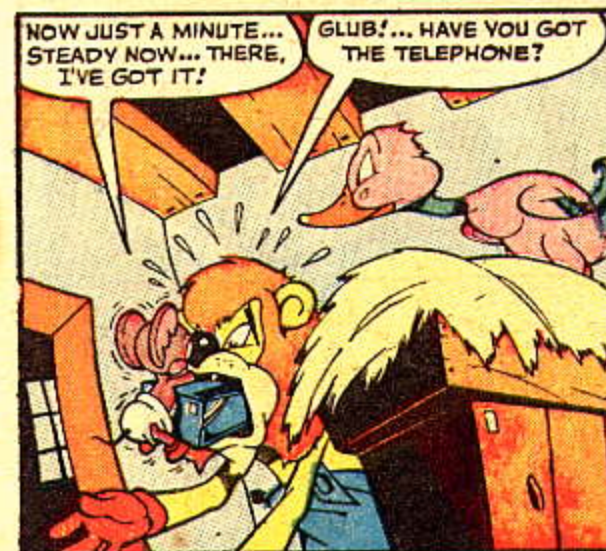
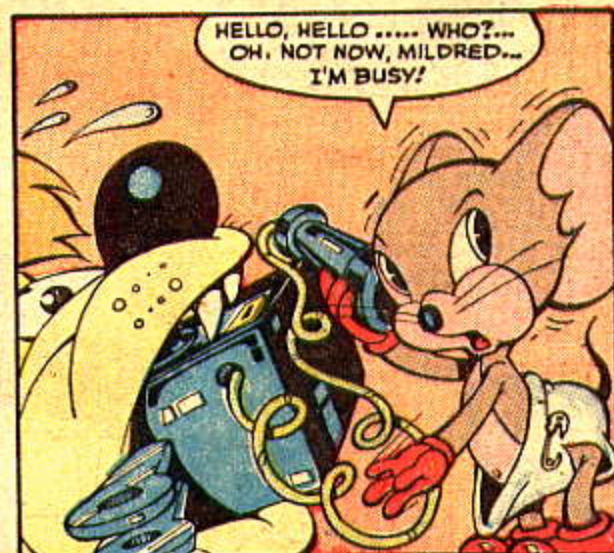
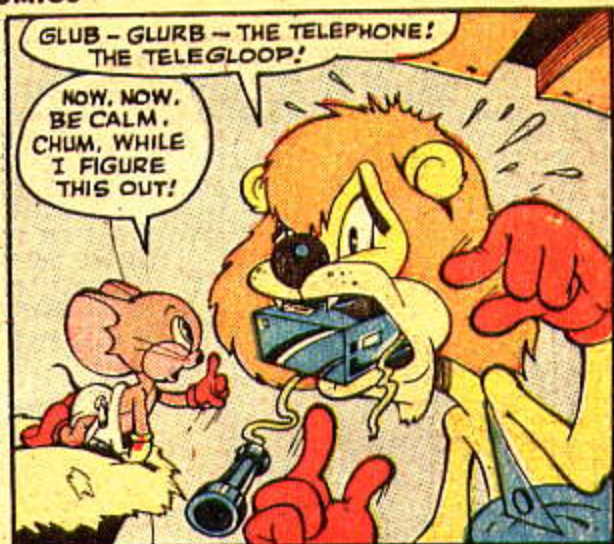
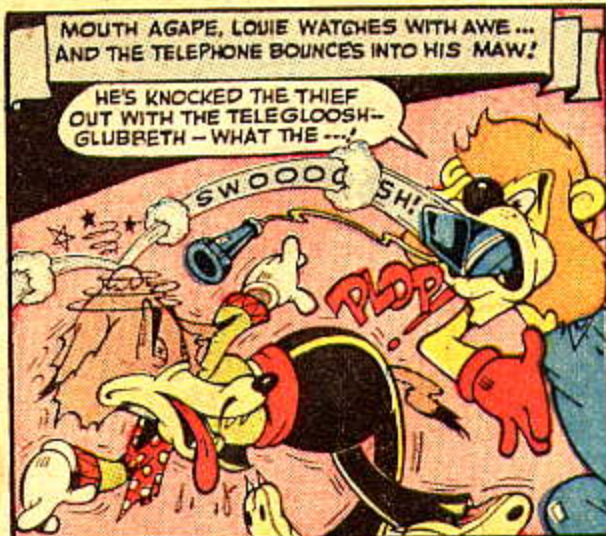


BUT THE WILY WOLF IS NOT YET DEAD.... LOUIE'S ONLY DENTED THE TOP OF HIS HEAD!



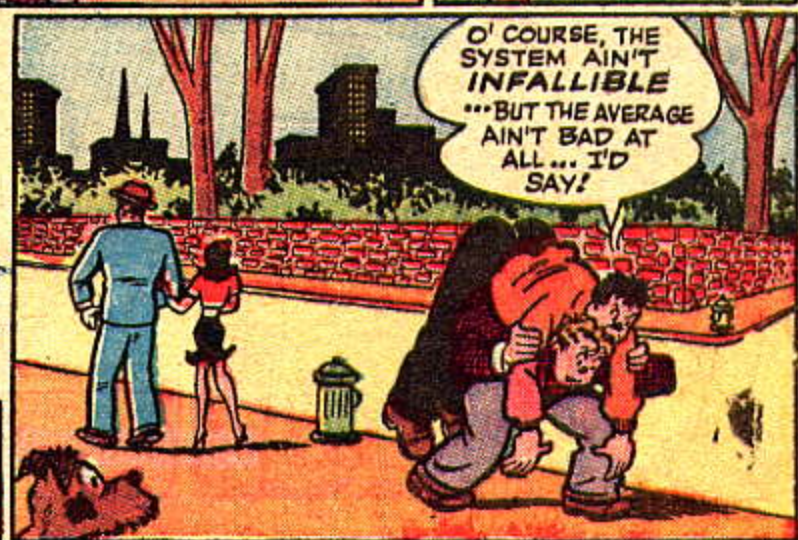
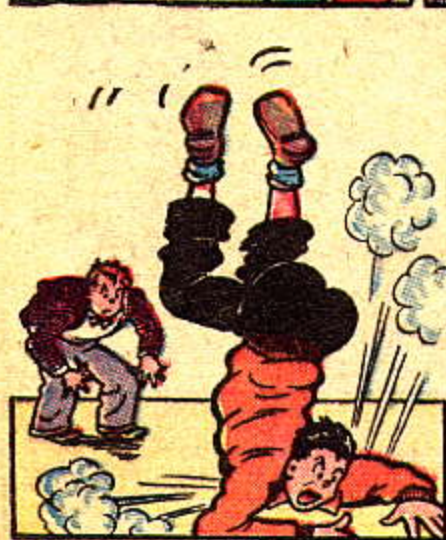
SEEKING A WEAPON, THE LITTLE MOUSE LEAPS FOR THE PHONE ON THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE!





JONESY

By DIB

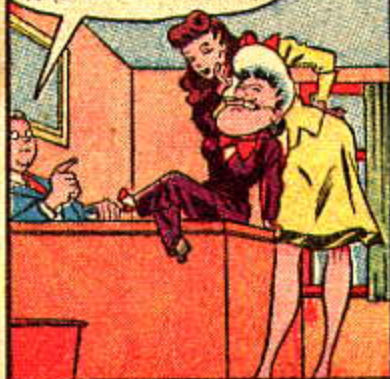


Her HIGHNESS



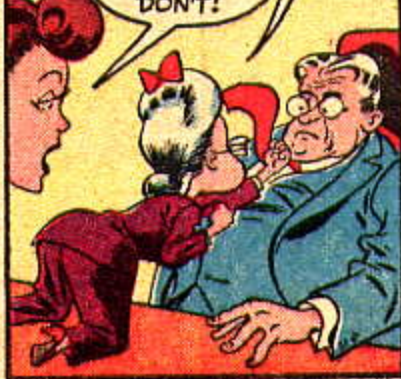
In a warden's office...

WELL, YOU GIRLS HAVE SERVED YOUR THIRTY DAYS, BUT I WARN YOU YOU'LL BE BACK UNLESS YOU GET YOURSELVES HONEST JOBS AND GO STRAIGHT!



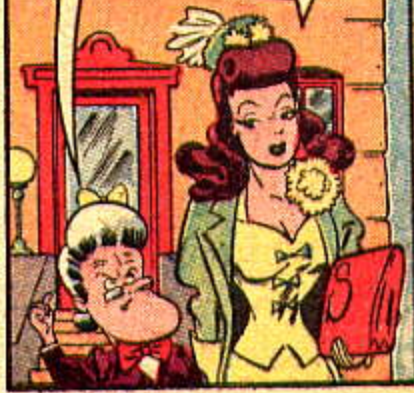
LISTEN, YOU I DON'T HAVE TO TAKE INSULTS LIKE THAT FROM ANYBODY.... NOT EVEN A PRISON WARDEN!

HIGHNESS! HIGHNESS! DON'T!

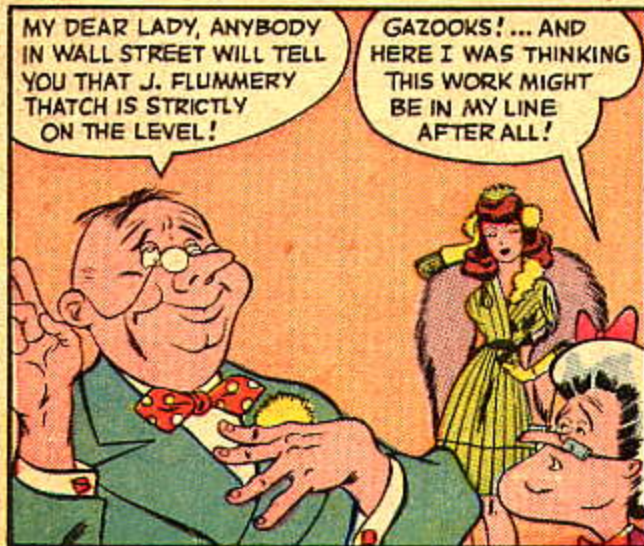
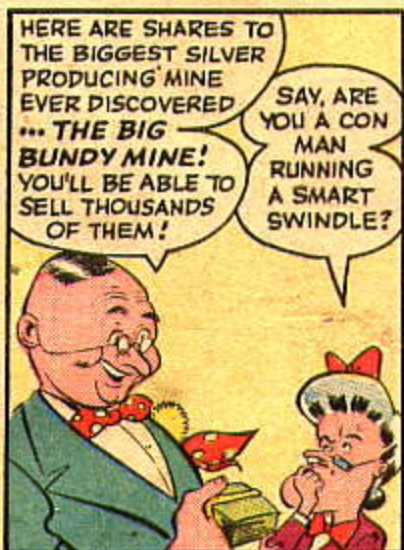
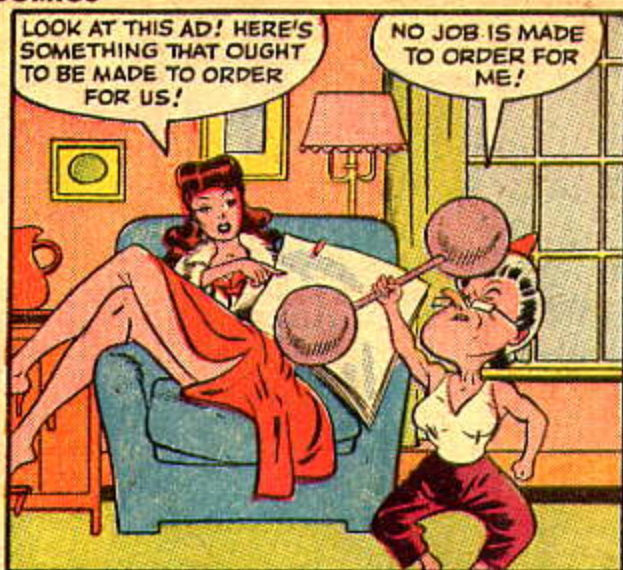
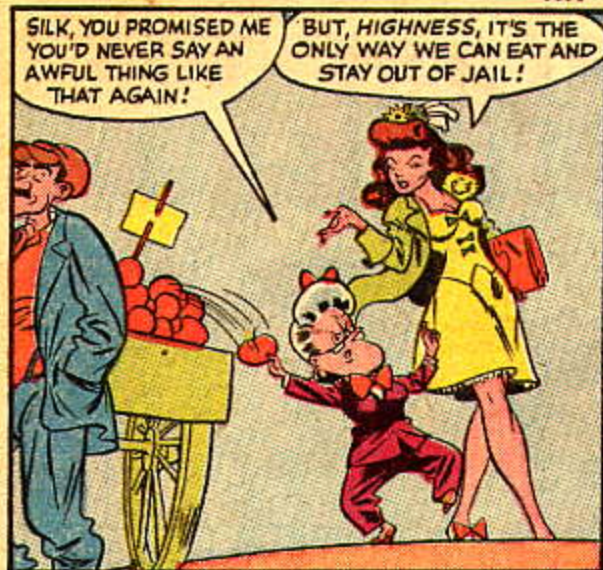


CAN YOU BEAT THAT GUY.... SUGGESTING THAT I GO TO WORK?

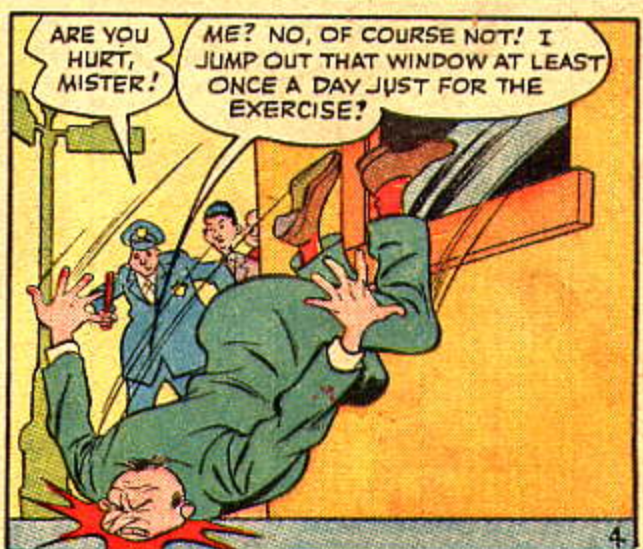
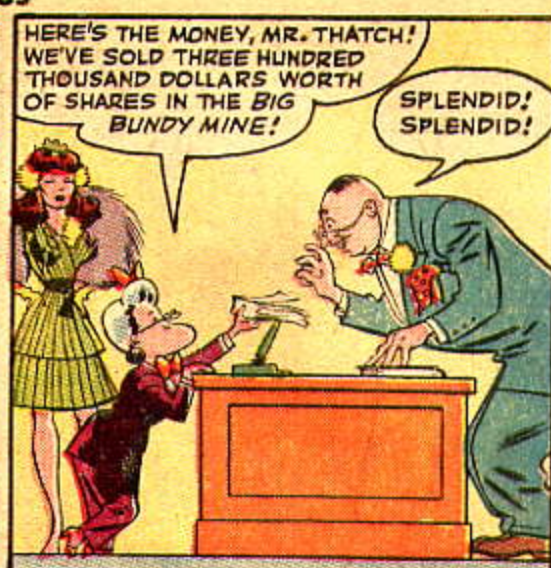
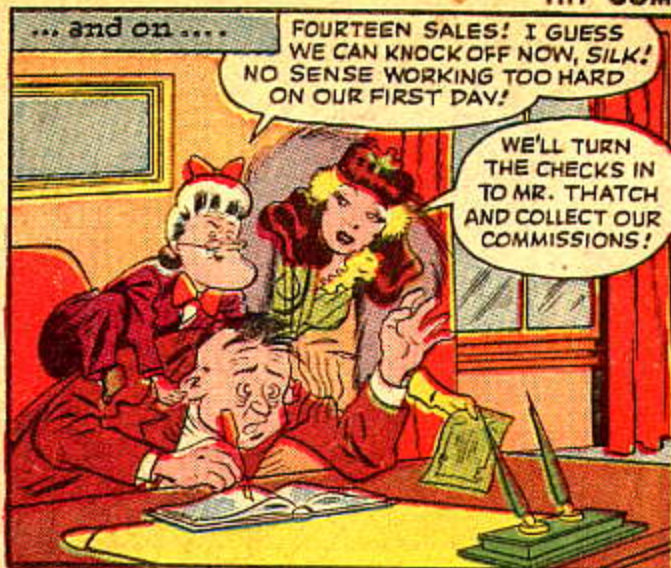
IT ISN'T A BAD IDEA, HIGHNESS! I'M SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING IT!



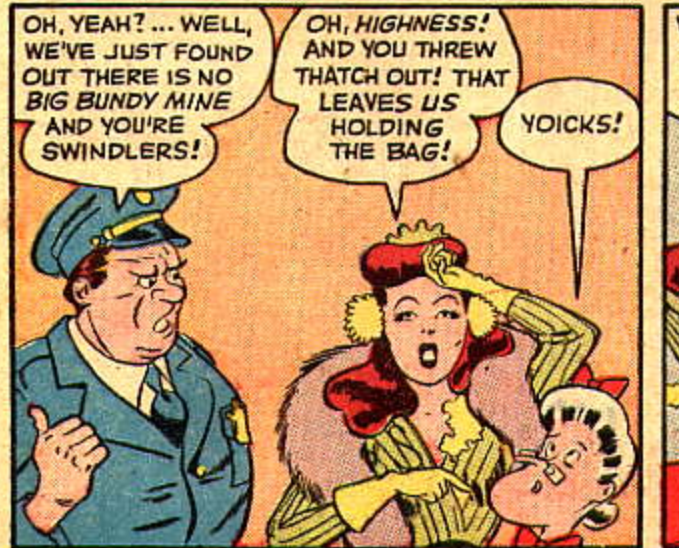
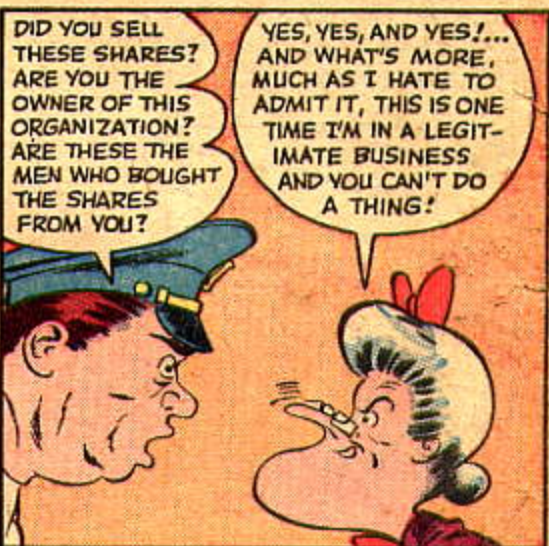
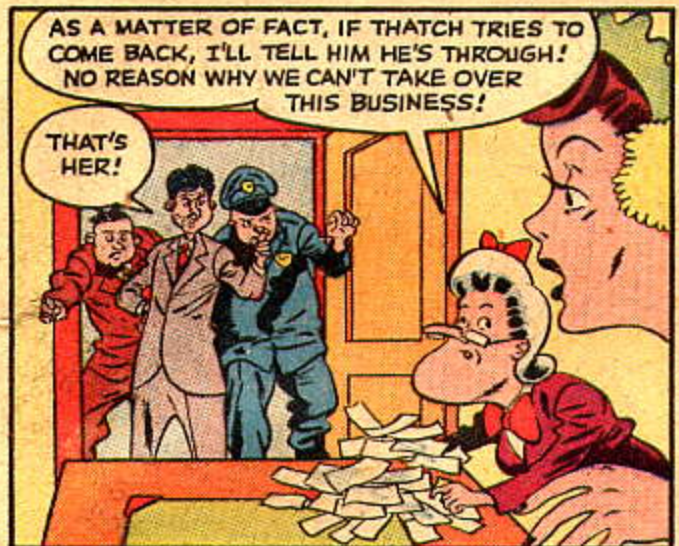
HIT COMICS







HIT COMICS



BETTY BATES

A murderer who looked human but killed with the savagery of a monster of the deep! This was "THE BARRACUDA"! BETTY BATES tempted a grisly and horrible death when she made him her quarry ... But she could not rest until she had come face to face with the mystery of his being!



HOMICIDE CALLING! BETTER COME DOWN, MISS BATES! BARTLEY CRONER'S BEEN MURDERED! HERE'S THE ADDRESS!

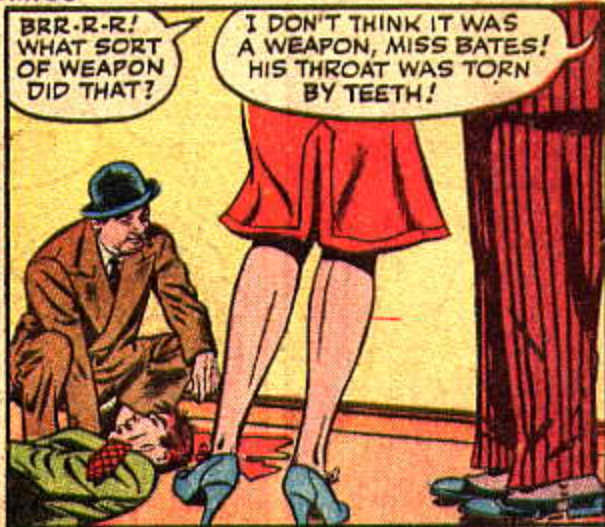
GOT IT! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



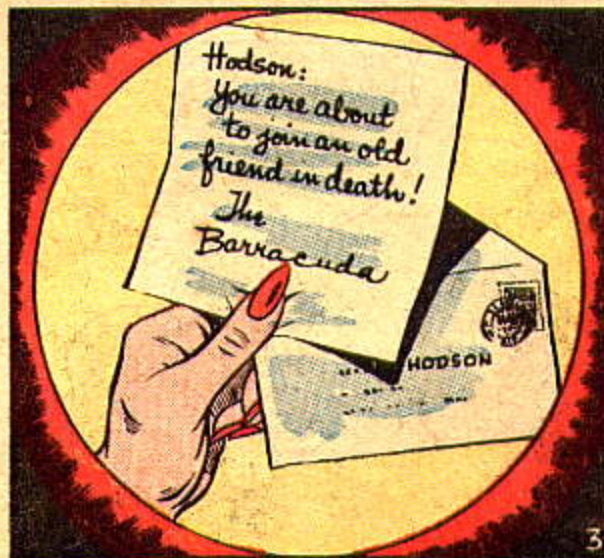
DISTRICT ATTORNEY

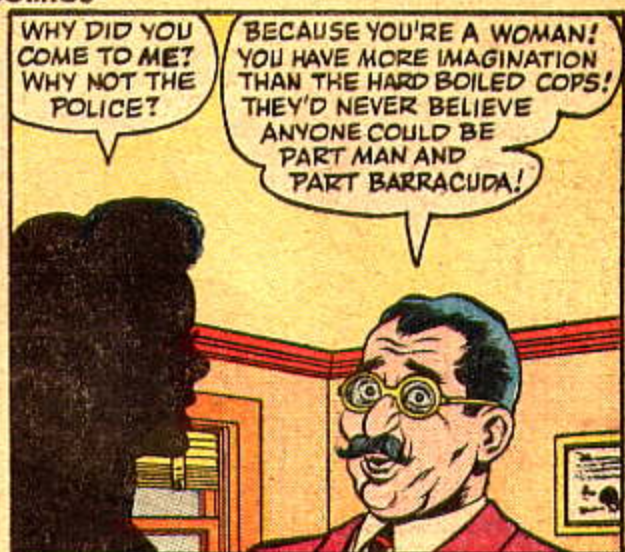
BARTLEY CRONER.... THAT EASY GOING, ELDERLY PLAYBOY YACHTSMAN! I WONDER WHO HAD IT IN FOR HIM!

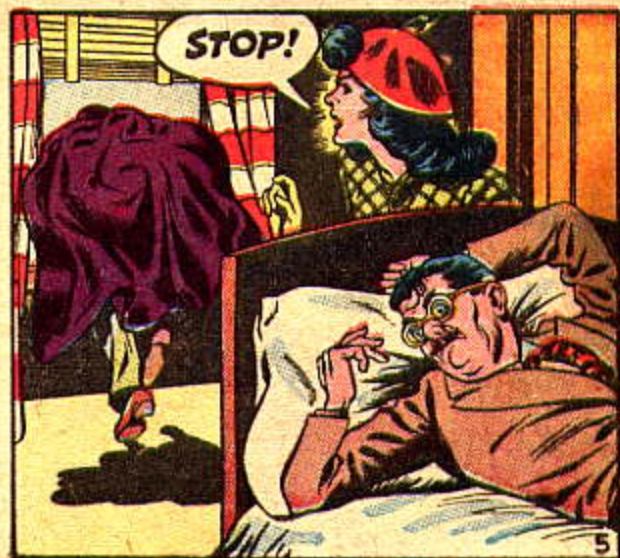
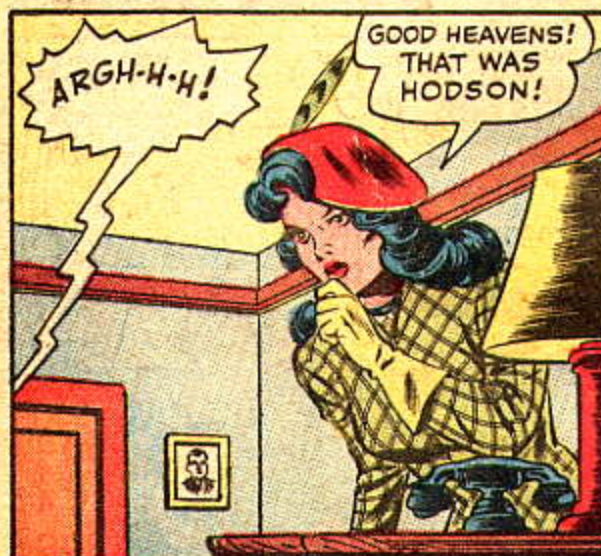


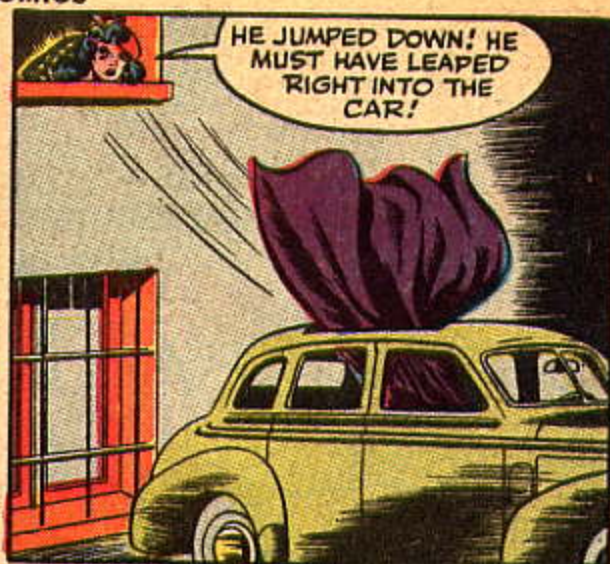
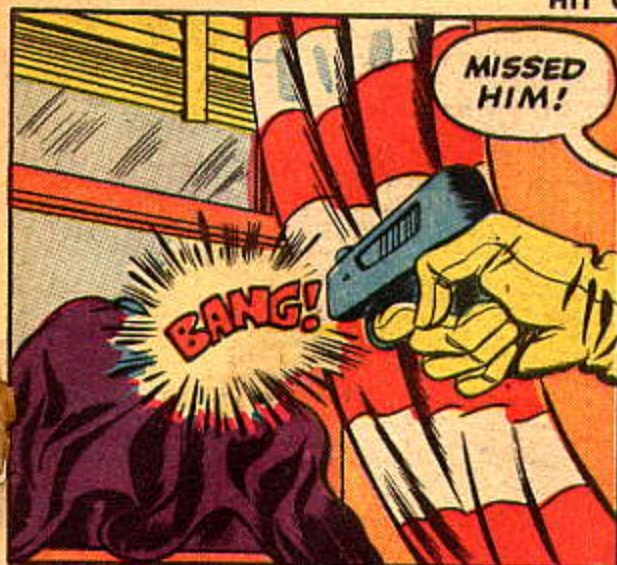


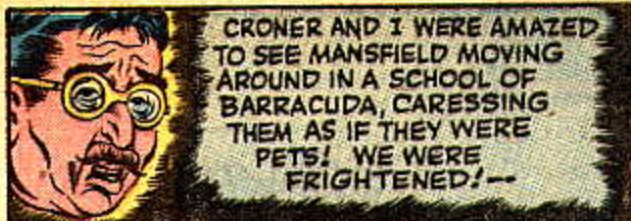
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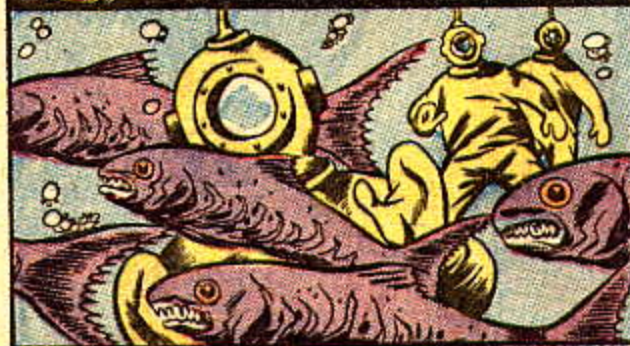




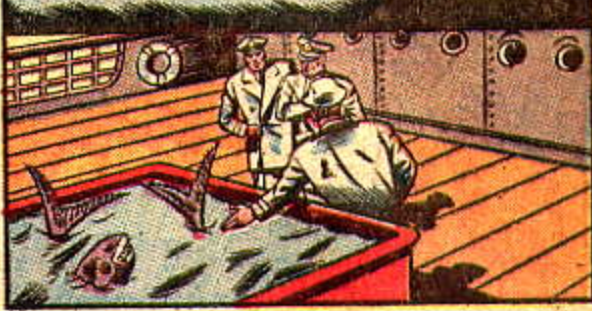




CRONER AND I WERE AMAZED TO SEE MANSFIELD MOVING AROUND IN A SCHOOL OF BARRACUDA, CARESSING THEM AS IF THEY WERE PETS! WE WERE FRIGHTENED! ---



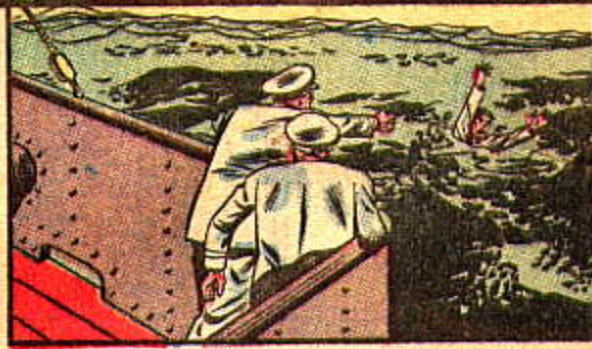
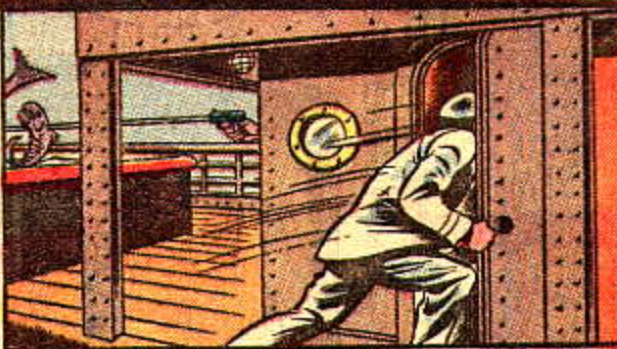
MANSFIELD INSISTED ON TAKING TWO OF THE UGLY BARRACUDA BACK ON THE YACHT WITH US! CRONER WAS NERVOUS! HE WANTED THEM THROWN OVERBOARD! MANSFIELD SAID THAT BARRACUDA WERE HARMLESS IF HANDLED BY AN UNDERSTANDING MASTER! ---



CRONER SHOT THE BARRACUDA! MANSFIELD BURST INTO THE CABIN, MAD WITH RAGE! THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY OUT ON DECK AND I STOOD BY, HELPLESS, AS CRONER HEAVED MANSFIELD OVERBOARD! ---



JUST BEFORE HE WENT DOWN, MANSFIELD SWORE THAT HE'D RATHER LIVE WITH THE BARRACUDA AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA THAN LIVE WITH TWO INHUMAN FOOLS SUCH AS WE! ---



HE SAID HE'D HAVE HIS REVENGE! CRONER AND I COULDN'T SHAKE OFF THE FEELING THAT HE MEANT WHAT HE SAID ABOUT LIVING WITH THE BARRACUDA!



WE NEVER SPOKE OF IT... BUT IT HAS HAPPENED! YOU SAW! MANSFIELD HAS HAD HIS REVENGE! OH-H-H-H!



HE'S DEAD--- POOR FELLOW!

Betty Bates goes home...

WHAT A DAY THIS HAS BEEN! MAYBE A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP'LL MAKE ME SEE THINGS MORE CLEARLY!



HIT COMICS

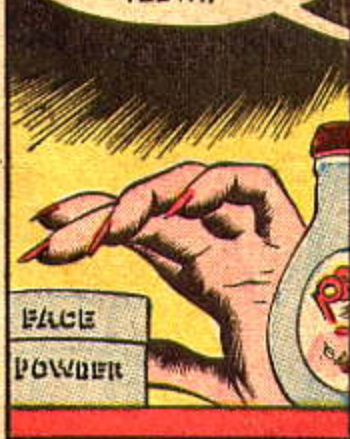
YOU TALK ALOUD, MISS BATES! BUT THERE WILL BE NO TOMORROW!



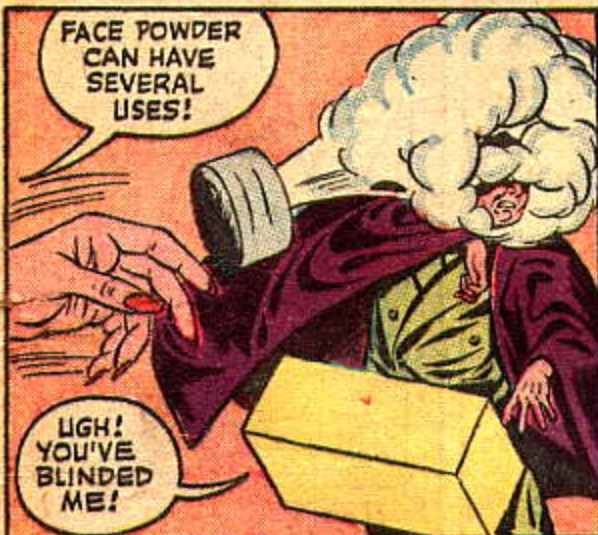
YOU AIDED A MAN I HATED! YOU SHOT AND TRIED TO KILL ME! YOU WOULD TRACK ME DOWN IF YOU COULD LIVE! THEREFORE YOU MUST DIE! THE BARRACUDA WILL KILL YOU!



MAYBE! BUT FIRST I'D LIKE TO SEE WHETHER YOU REALLY HAVE A BARRACUDA'S TEETH!



FACE POWDER CAN HAVE SEVERAL USES!



UGH! YOU'VE BLINDED ME!

A SMALL BARRACUDA! YOU CARRIED HIM AROUND WITH YOU TO DO YOUR KILLING!

YES, IT WAS EASY TO FORCE THEIR HEADS INTO THE TANK! THEY DIDN'T KNOW TWENTY YEARS AGO THAT I WOULD BE PICKED UP FROM THE SEA AND LIVE TO FIND THEM AGAIN!



MY PET WILL DIE OUT OF WATER... BUT HE'LL KILL YOU FIRST! AGH-H-H!



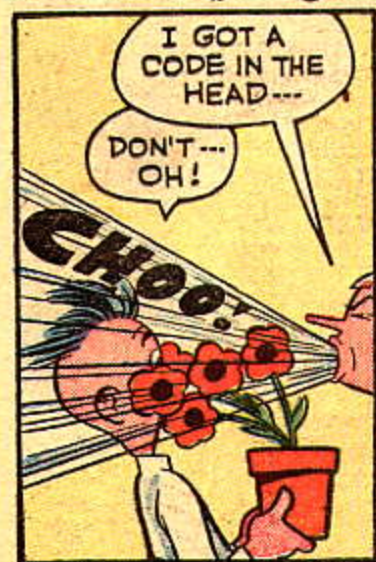
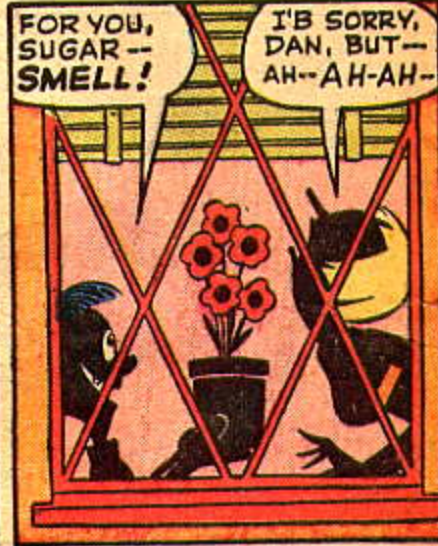
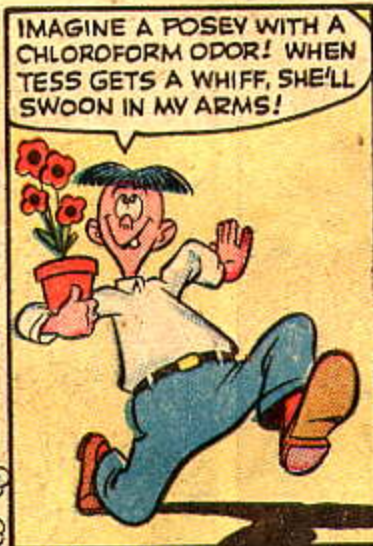
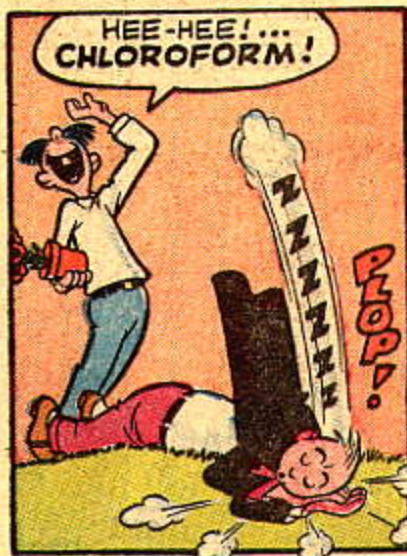
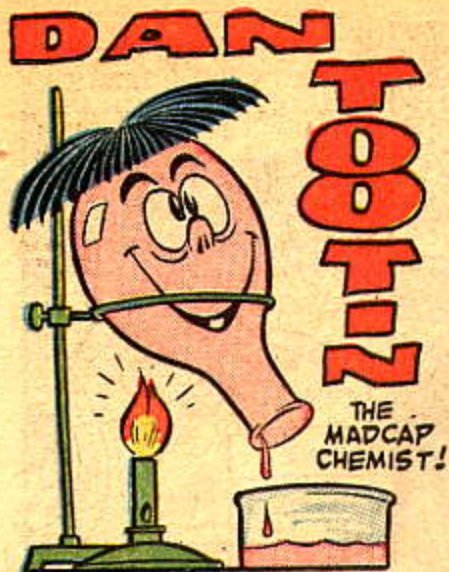
BANG!

AREN'T YOU GLAD I DROPPED IN TO CHECK ON YOUR ACTIVITIES IN THE BARRACUDA CASE, MISS BATES?



WHEW! LIEUTENANT, YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A BETTER MOMENT! AND WAIT UNTIL YOU HEAR THE REST OF THE STORY!

HIT COMICS

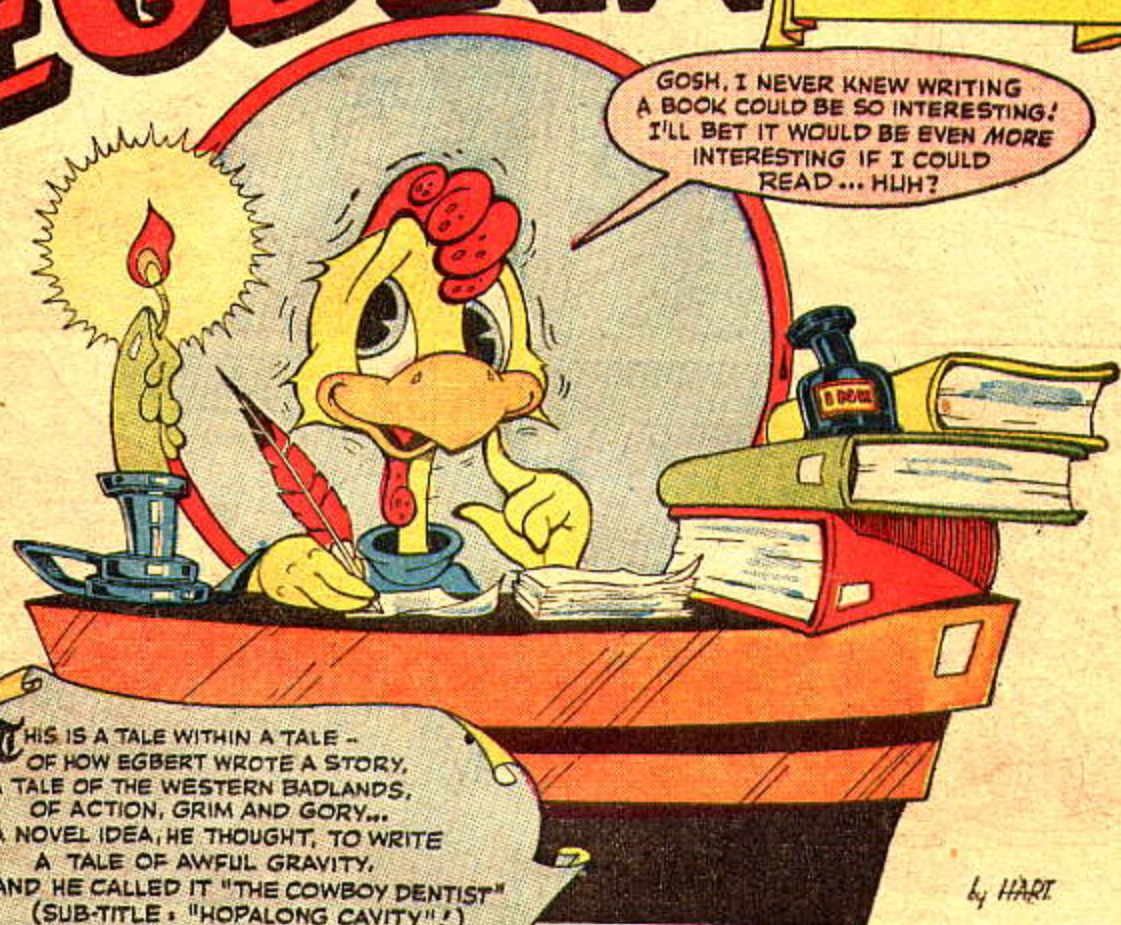


HIT COMICS

EGBERT

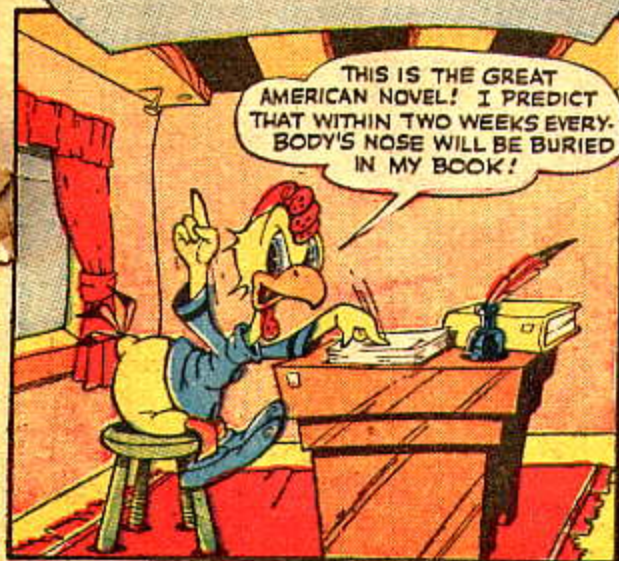
and

The COUNT



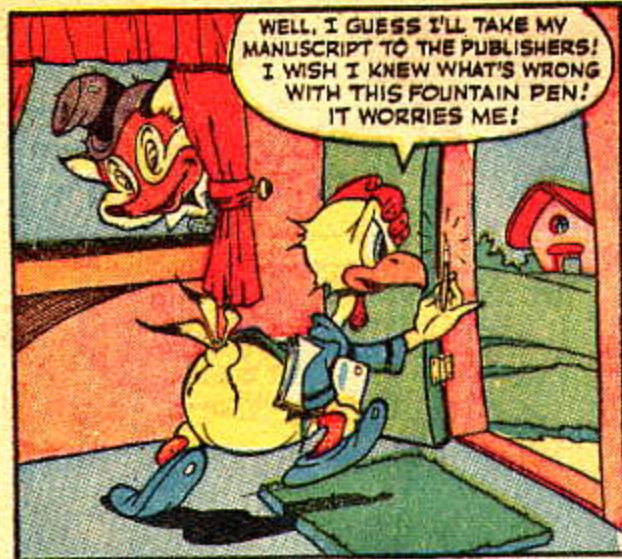
by HART

THIS IS A TALE WITHIN A TALE - OF HOW EGBERT WROTE A STORY, A TALE OF THE WESTERN BADLANDS, OF ACTION, GRIM AND GORY... A NOVEL IDEA, HE THOUGHT, TO WRITE A TALE OF AWFUL GRAVITY, AND HE CALLED IT "THE COWBOY DENTIST" (SUB-TITLE: "HOPALONG CAVITY"!)

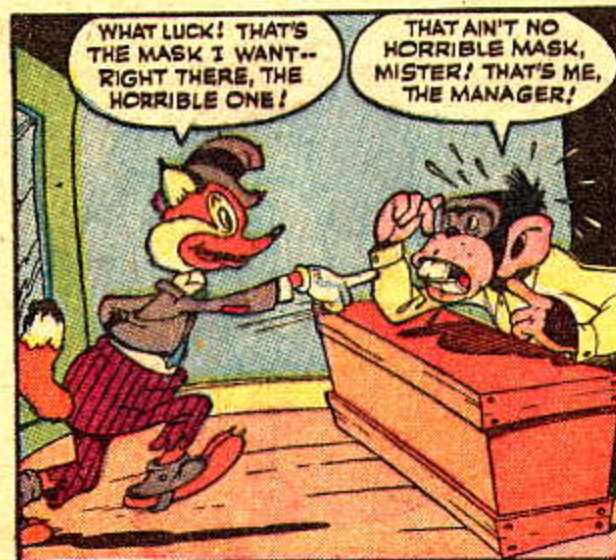
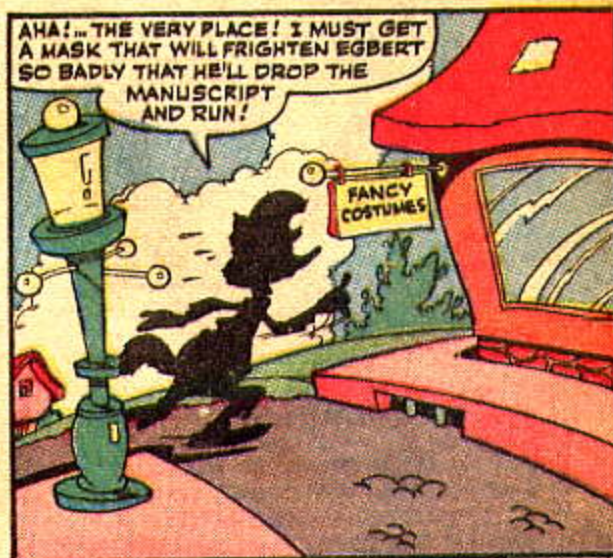
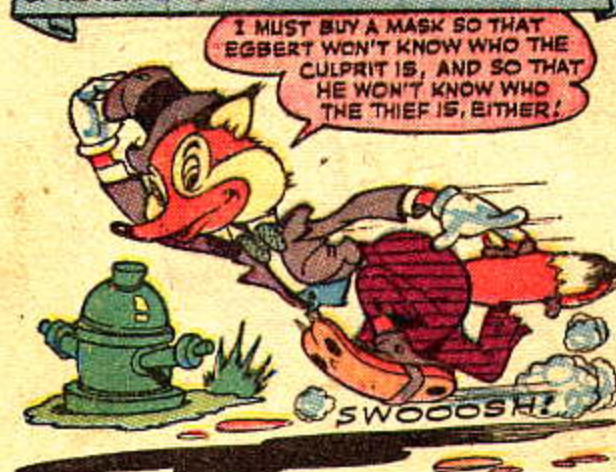


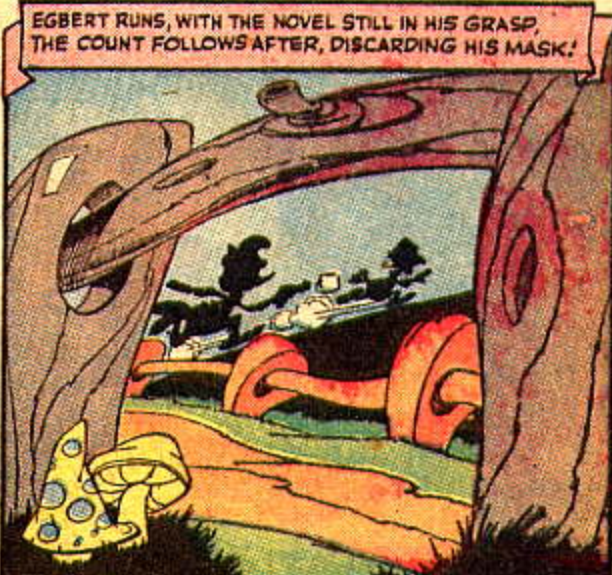
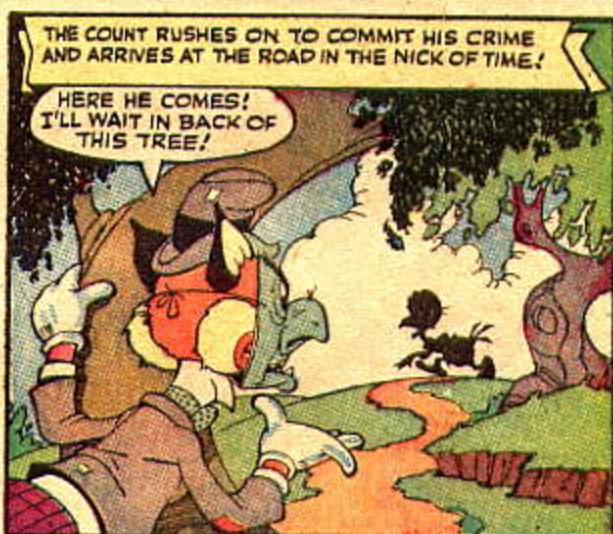
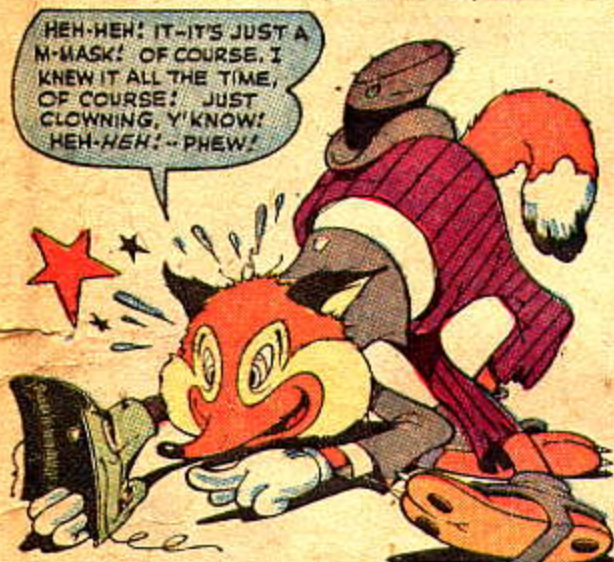
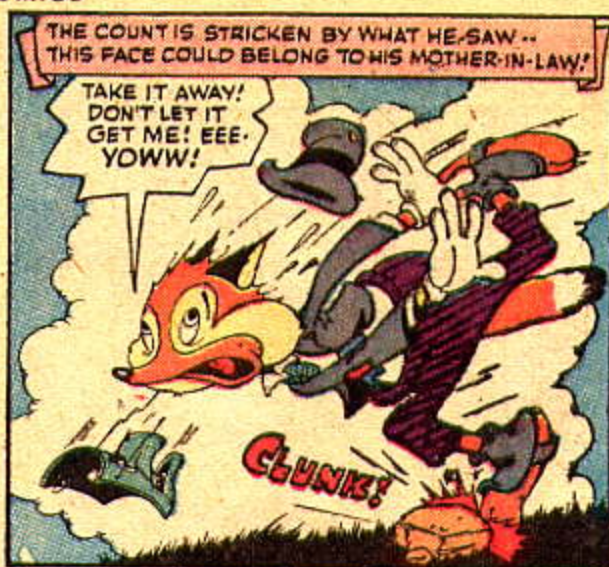
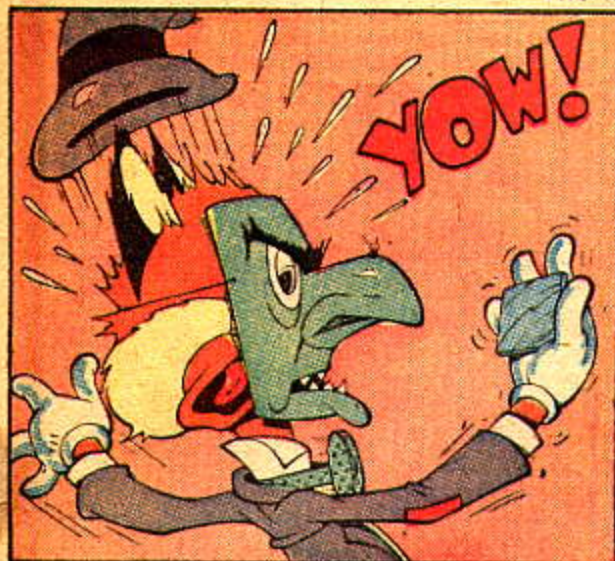
I'M WRITING IT ON KLEENEX, Y' SEE!

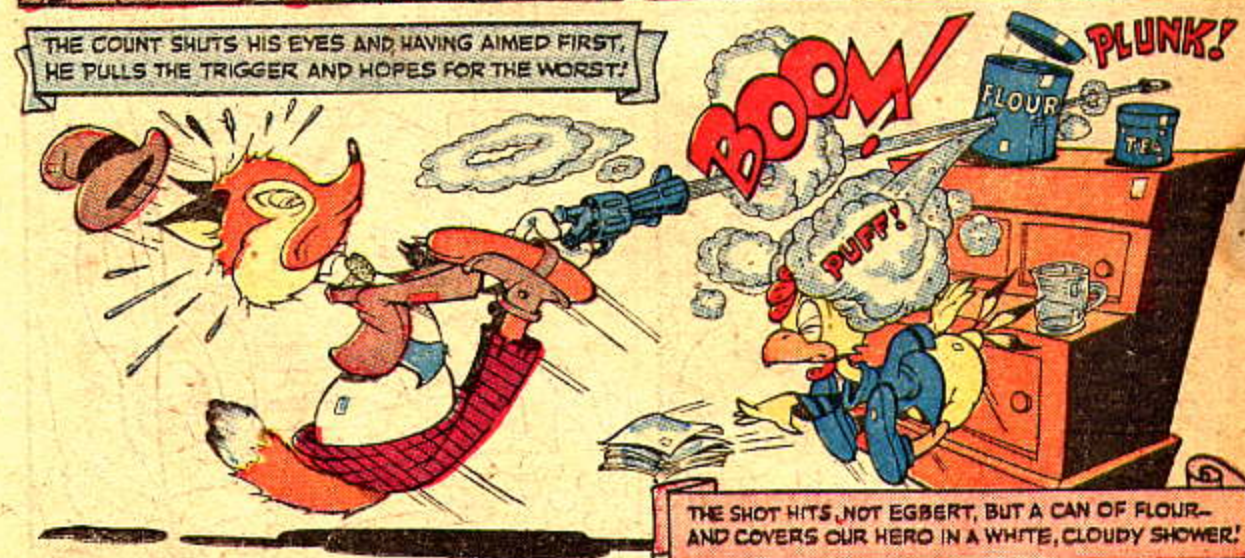
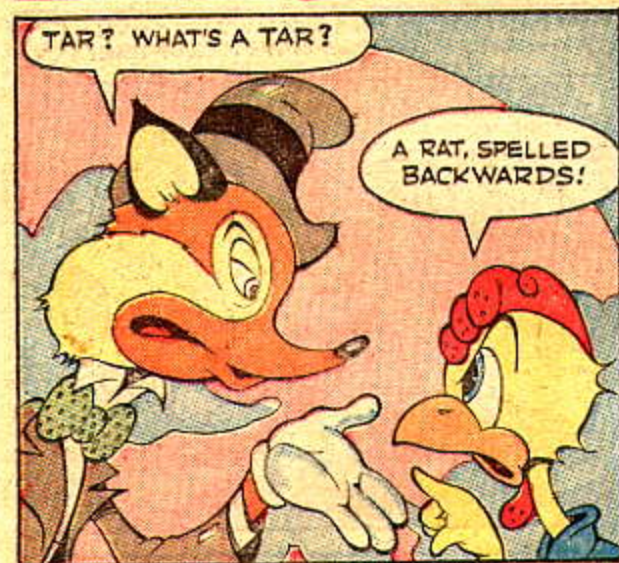
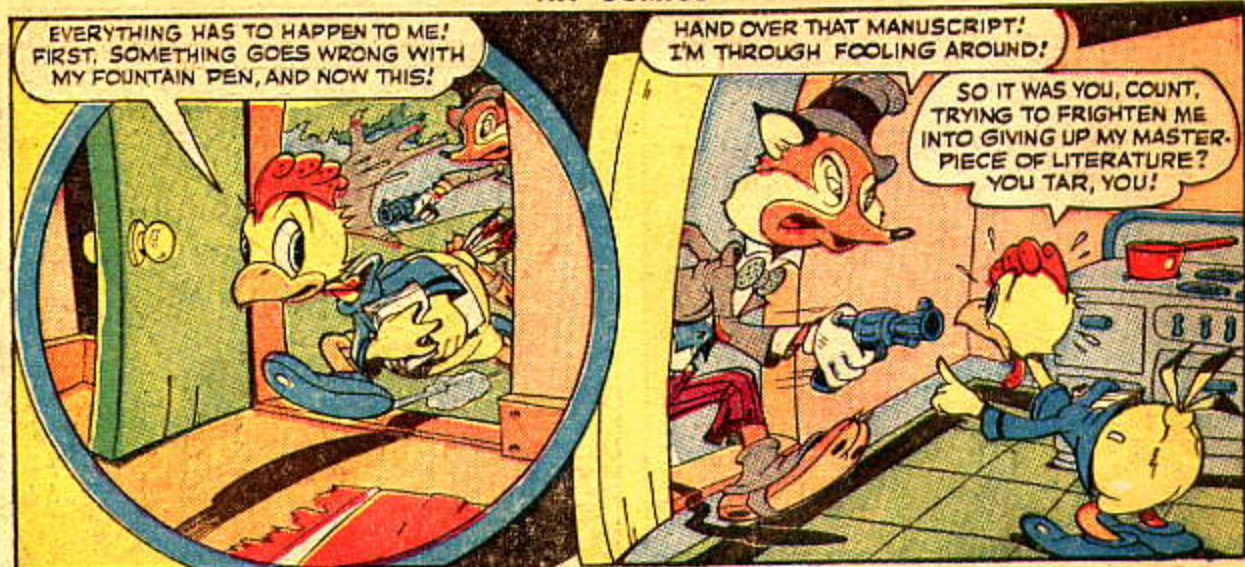




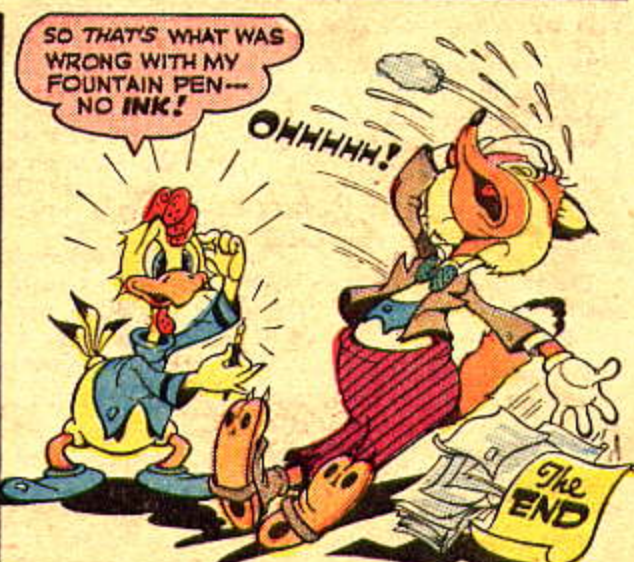
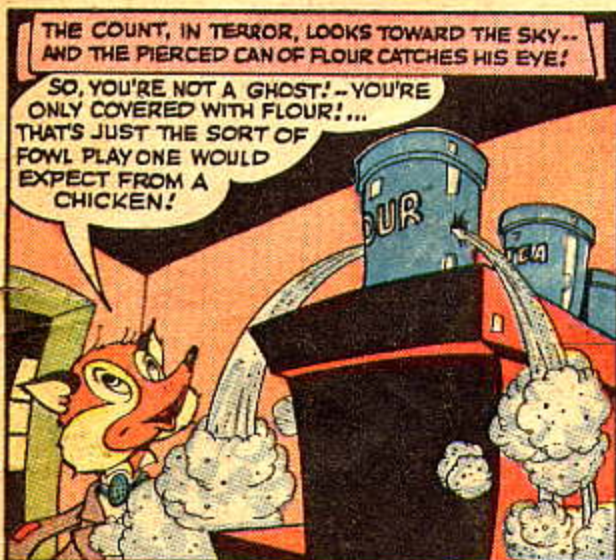
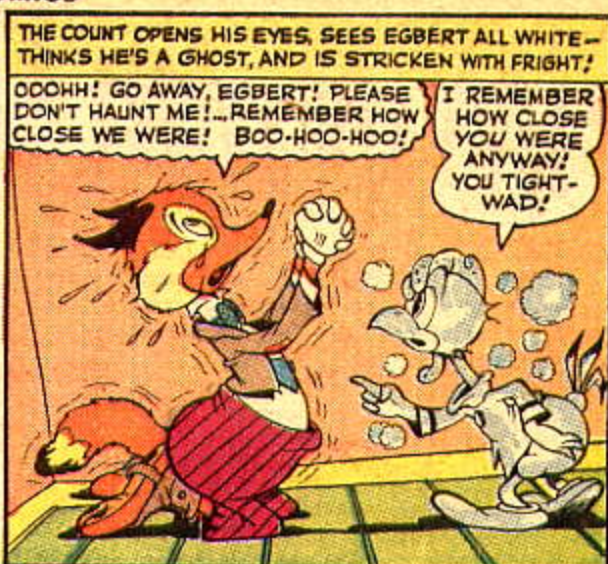
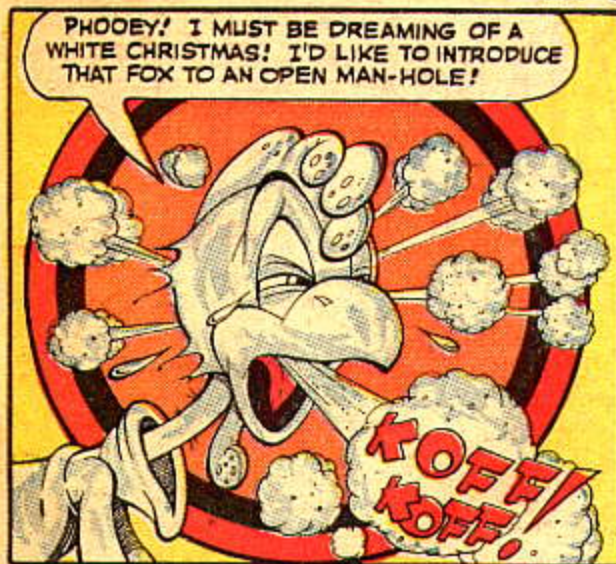
THOUGH THE PEN WORRIES EGBERT, HE DOESN'T DREAM OF THE WORRIES TO COME FROM THE COUNT'S DIRTY SCHEME!







HIT COMICS



TWINS ARE BAD MEDICINE

NICK CALLAN heard the spasmodic rattle of shots and reined in his horse. Ahead lay—what? Nick couldn't afford to run afoul of the law—again. Already there was a price on his head, even if the charge was false. It was a case of mistaken identity that Nick had been taken for Hap Price, the outlaw.

"Well, I've been running for a long time," Nick said to himself. To his horse he said, "Let's go see what we see. Blondie. Get along!"

Blondie, the rangy palomino, pricked his ears and broke into a mile-eating gallop. The town of Timberline lay ahead, and those shots which had shattered the silence of the lazy southwestern afternoon presaged something doing in town. Nick hoped no one in Timberline would recognize him—for what he wasn't! There was a good chance that he would be unknown since he was a good 200 miles from the scene of the escapade which had falsely branded him as outlaw.

He galloped down the dusty single street of the little town and pulled up in front of the bank, where a crowd milled. Nick sat on his horse for a while, as he sized things up, then he asked a lanky youth what went on.

"Aw, some masked hombres stuck up the bank an' drilled old Zeke Stebbins," drawled the youth. "You a stranger, ain't ya?" he said after a pause.

"Uh-huh," replied Nick. "Which way did the masked guys go?"

The youth poked a thumb in the general direction of south. "T'ward th' Border."

The crowd broke up fast and when the sheriff made a brief speech, they vaulted onto their horses and tore out of town in pursuit. The lanky youth said, "So long, Stranger!" and leaped into his saddle.

Nick trotted Blondie up in front of a small restaurant and dismount-

ed. The smell of cooking made his mouth water. He hadn't eaten a good meal in four days. He was tired and dusty.

Ham and eggs! Nick thought he had never tasted anything so good. The waitress was inquisitive.

"Haven't seen you around, have I?"

Nick grinned. "Nope. My first visit. I think I like it here."

The waitress smiled shyly. "Hope you decide to stay," she said, then rushed toward the kitchen.

Nick took a room in the town's lone hotel, had a hot bath and quickly got into bed. Oh, boy, he thought, as he relaxed between the clean sheets, this is like home! He dropped off instantly.

A heavy pounding on his door brought him up, groping for his guns hanging at the head of the bed.

"Open up in there, you!" someone shouted. "This is the law!"

"What do you mean—" began Nick, slightly fuddled with sleep.

"Open this door, or we'll kick it down!" yelled the same voice. "This is the sheriff. We know you're Hap Price! Your gang knocked over the bank."

The pounding became more purposeful. Nick leaped out of bed, jumped into his clothes and buckled on his guns. "Okay, take it easy," he called. "I'm getting up."

The window was open. Nick knew he couldn't afford to be taken. They thought he was the outlaw. He'd have to make a run for it. Somehow, sometime, he would prove his identity.

Nick went out the window backwards. He hoped no one was watching from the street. In the moonlight he made a fine target. The knocking was resumed as he grasped the edge of the window sill and

dropped to the sand below. So far he had run into no trouble. But when those lads busted open the door.

Nick dashed toward the livery stable and entered softly, without waking the old Mexican attendant. He found his horse and soon had him saddled. Then he was off into the night. He had ridden only a short way when he heard the sounds of pursuit. But he had a couple of minutes start.

It was strange country and Nick didn't know just where he was going. He headed for the hills that he had seen that day. The soft sand his horse came to a few minutes later muffled her footfalls and for this Nick was glad. They'd have to track him by Indian methods now if they kept to his trail.

The sheriff reined up and addressed the score of horsemen. "He's likely aimin' fer th' border, fellers. Makin' a dash for th' hills jist to put us off th' track. We'll head south an' beat him at his own game!"

But Nick didn't head south. He kept pounding toward the hills, which he reached just as the first pale fingers of dawn explored the mountaintops. He drew rein at a stream and Blondie poked her head into the cool liquid. Nick drank and filled his canteen. No telling when he'd have his next water. He rode all that day, still climbing higher. At sunset he found a good camping place and unsaddled, letting Blondie roam free.

"Stick around close, pal," Nick told his horse. Blondie nuzzled his shoulder affectionately.

Nick built a small fire, cooked bacon and boiled a pot of coffee. He was ravenous. He was eating when a man's voice said, "Just in time fer a snack, I see."

Nick whirled. A 45 covered him, not ten feet away. Above it loomed a masked face. The man came for-

HIT COMICS

ward "I'll just take them guns, if you don't mind."

Nick handed them over without a word. Then

"Make yourself at home, pardner. Got more where this came from." He sipped his steaming coffee. "Reckon you're Hap Price."

"Yep," replied the outlaw "Pleased to meet you. Guess you're the guy they think is me. You do resemble me, even if you ain't so han'some!" Hap chuckled.

"Now that we know each other," said Nick easily, "we might as well both have a look."

Hap pulled off the black scarf. Nick gasped in spite of himself. Hap was almost his twin for looks.

"You do favor me," said Nick. "No wonder they think I'm you." He laughed "With a gang I could operate as you. Here, I'll pour you some coffee."

Hap said, "That's what I wanta palaver about. You're on the dodge now. They're out after you. With both of us working, we can clean up. I've got enough men for both. We strike twice in different places. We'd have them dumb sheriffs plumb crazy, thinkin' they wuz seein' things. What say, bub?"

Nick was pouring out a tincup of hot coffee. As he passed it toward Hap he made a quick flick with the cup. Hap yowled, dropping his gun and slapping both hands to his face. Nick grabbed the gun and covered the outlaw.

"Now Hap," he said evenly, "I've been played for a sucker long

enough. That coffee wasn't hot enough to hurt you." He gathered up the other guns. "Get up. We're riding to town."

Hap cursed, threatened, ending up by promising big things if only Nick would "listen to reason"

"I come as a friend, an' you treat me like this," warned the bandit. "I'm offering you half my band. We can run this here country, you an' me. Look, feller—"

They had reached Nick's horse, which he quickly saddled. Hap's was a little distance away. Nick made the outlaw climb aboard, then they started down the mountain.

Dawn found them clattering up toward town. And then the very devil broke loose. Men ran, shouting that the outlaw was two people instead of one!

"Look!" they cried. "Doubles!"

The sheriff was coming out of his office when the two strange characters rode up. Nick grinned.

"Meet Mr Hap Price, Sheriff," he said.

"Wal, I'll be!" rumbled the lawman. "An' who th' heck be you? Look jst like this Hap Price, ya do!"

"Yeah," replied Nick. "That's why I've been on the run for four months. Everyone thought I WAS him. Well, here's your prisoner."

"Wait a minute!" grumbled the sheriff. "How in tarnation am I to know which one of you IS Price?"

Price spoke up then. "Now you're talkin' Sheriff. He's Price, an' you

know it!"

"That's easy," Nick said. "I've got plenty of identification on me."

"He stole it from me!" cried the outlaw. "Don't let him get away with this, Sheriff!"

There was a stir on the fringe of the crowd and a girl broke through. It was the waitress who had served Nick.

"I'll know them apart," she said. "The one that has a small mole under his left eye isn't Hap Price. Because I served one of them just after Price's band held up the bank. Let me look."

She peered into the bandit's face. "No mole," she said. Then a quick look at Nick. "He's got the mole, boys. He's not the outlaw!"

The crowd cheered. Price cursed bitterly. The sheriff's deputies grabbed him out of the saddle and shoved him into the jail. Every man in the crowd wanted to shake Nick's hand. It took an outsider to capture the worst outlaw the southwest had known in several years.

The sheriff came outside again. "Well, he's buttoned up safe, all right. Now if I only could find his band—"

Nick said, "I believe I can find 'em, sir. I believe I camped somewhere near Price's hangout last night. They must've seen my fire. I'll wear Hap's clothes and ride back there. They'll never guess I'm not Hap—"

"Say!" cried the sheriff. "That's a bright idee by golly. Sure you kin turn th' trick, feller. Come on!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF HIT COMICS published quarterly at Buffalo, New York (on October 1, 1942)

State of Connecticut 14
County of Fairfield 14

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and say that he is the Publisher of the HIT COMICS and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to-wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business managers are: Publisher: Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Editor: George E. Brenner, 415 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor: None; Business Manager: Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is, in whole or in part, a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual owner, must be given. Everett M. Arnold, Lucas Point

Old Greenwich, Conn.; Claire C. Arnold, Lucas Point, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Condit Macaulay, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: If there are none so state: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

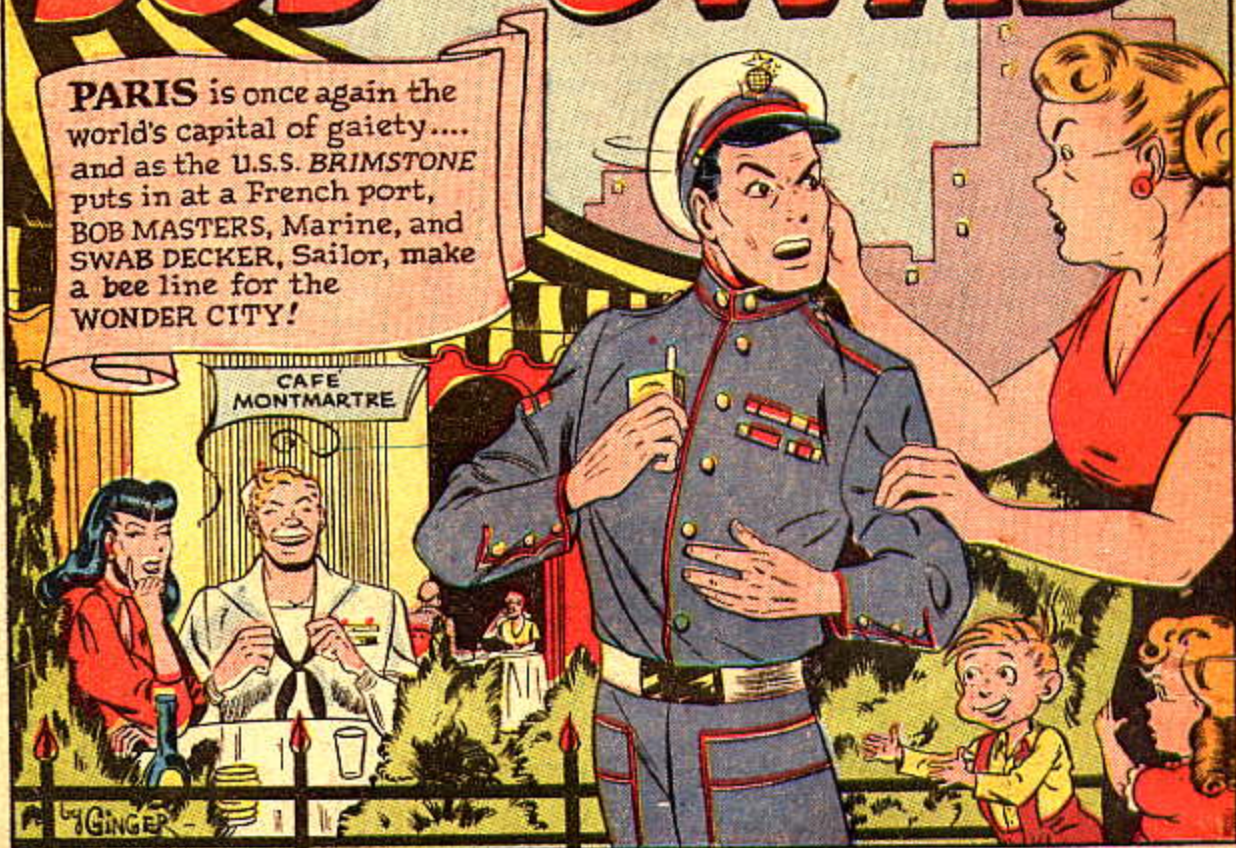
EVERETT M. ARNOLD Business Manager

Subscribed and sworn to before me (this 15th day) of September, 1942.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY (My commission expires April 1, 1943.)

BOB and SWAB

PARIS is once again the world's capital of gaiety.... and as the U.S.S. **BRIMSTONE** puts in at a French port, **BOB MASTERS**, Marine, and **SWAB DECKER**, Sailor, make a bee line for the **WONDER CITY!**



ALL RIGHT, LOUD MOUTH, WHERE ARE ALL THE GALS WHO WERE JUST DYING TO SEE YOU STEP ASHORE?

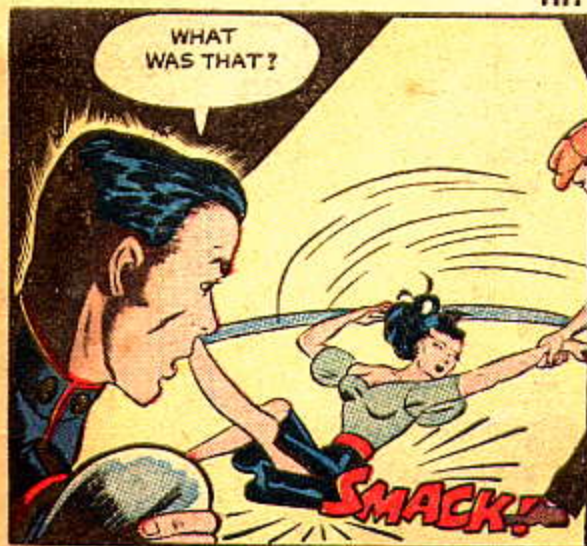
LISTEN, SAILOR, THE ONES YOU SEE IN THIS JOINT MAY LOOK GOOD TO YOU! BUT I KNOW PARIS AND IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE I RUN INTO A CHICK WHO'S BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO SUIT MY TASTES!



SO ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SIT THERE FOR SIX MONTHS OR SO! MEANWHILE, I'LL AMUSE THAT BABE WITH SOME OF MY SPARKLING CONVERSATION!



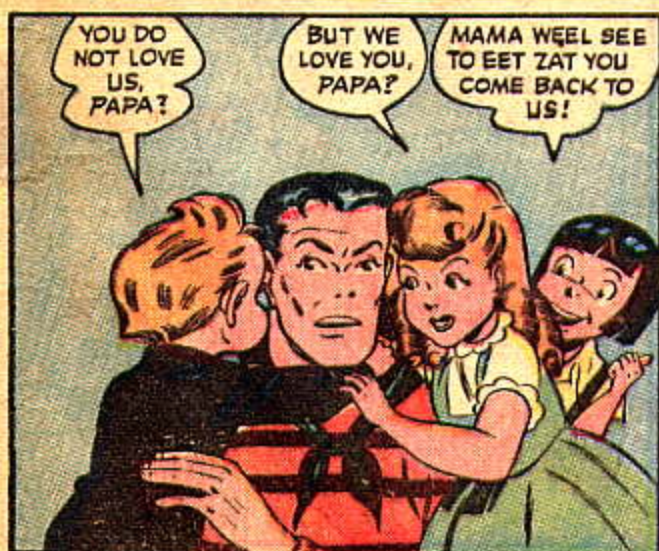
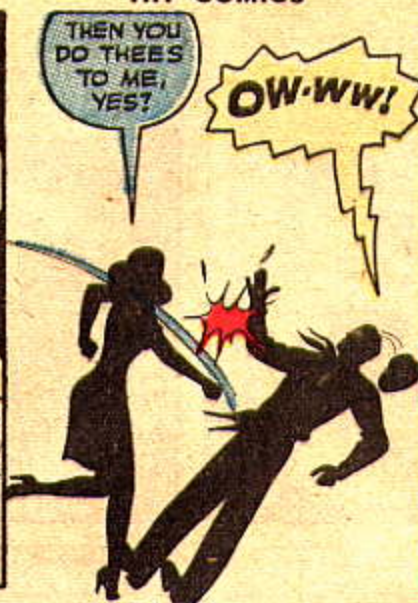
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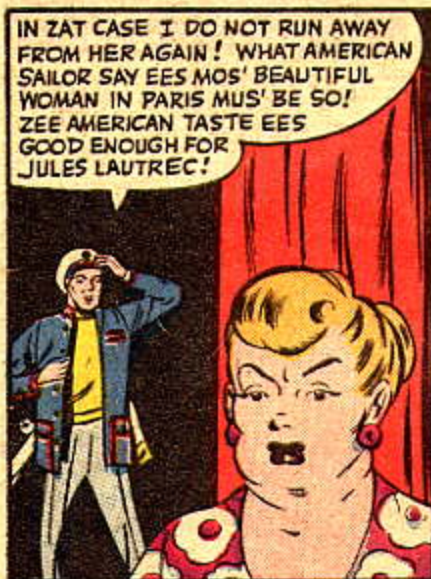
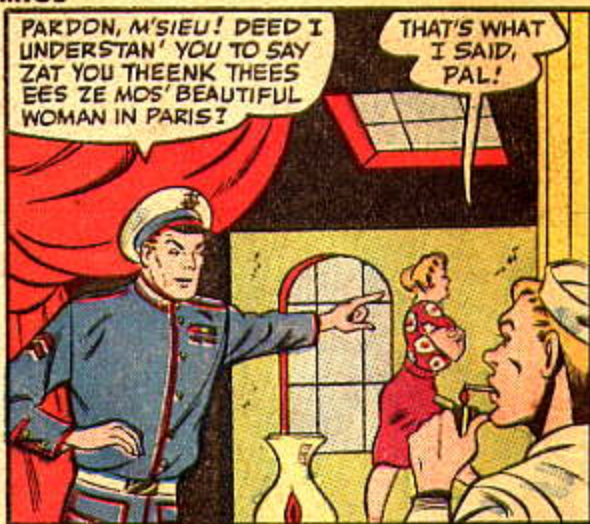
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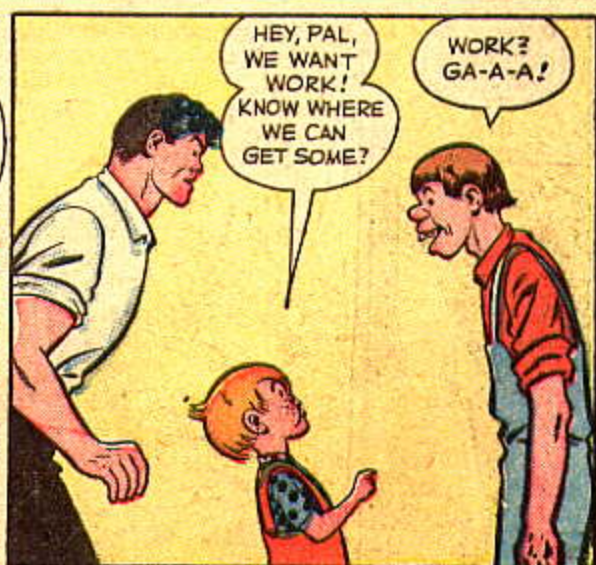
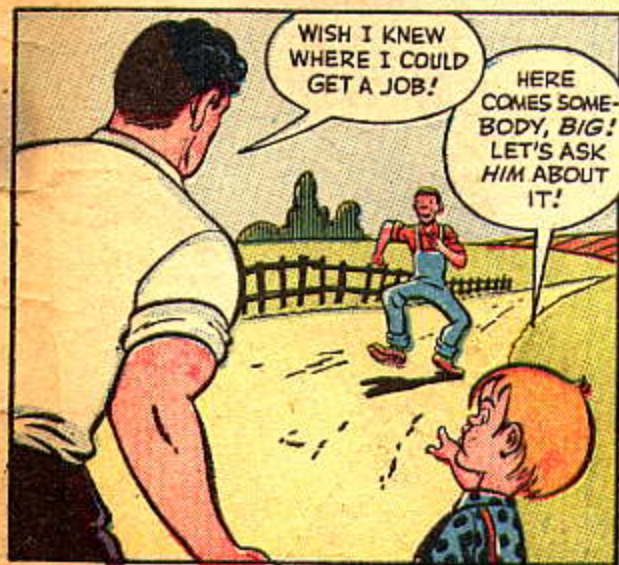
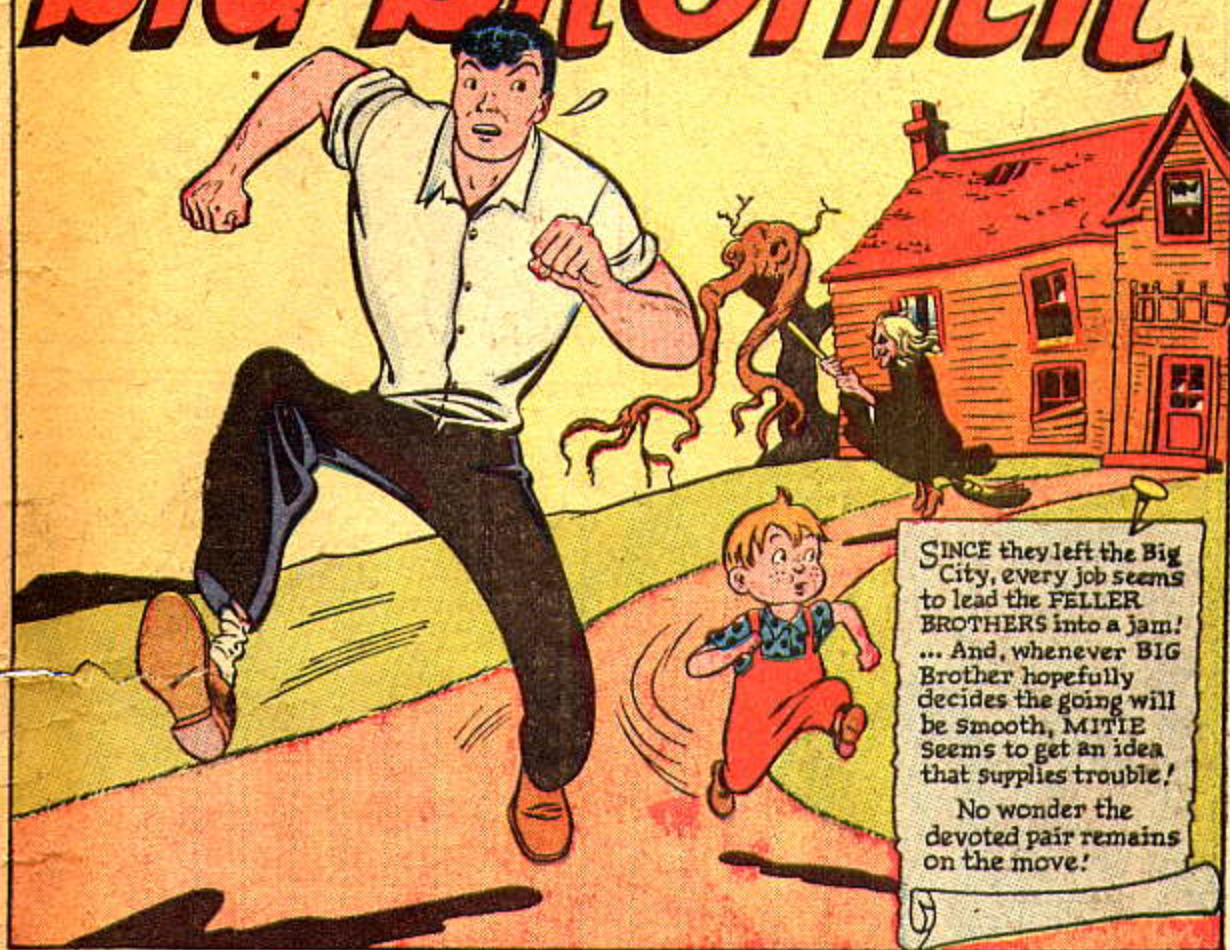
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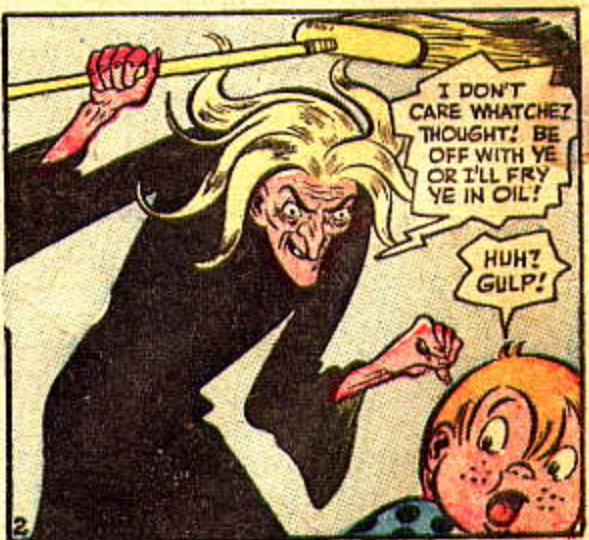
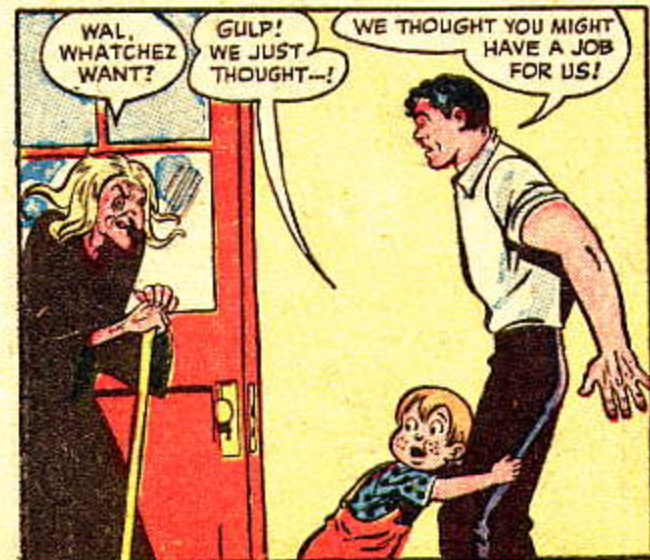
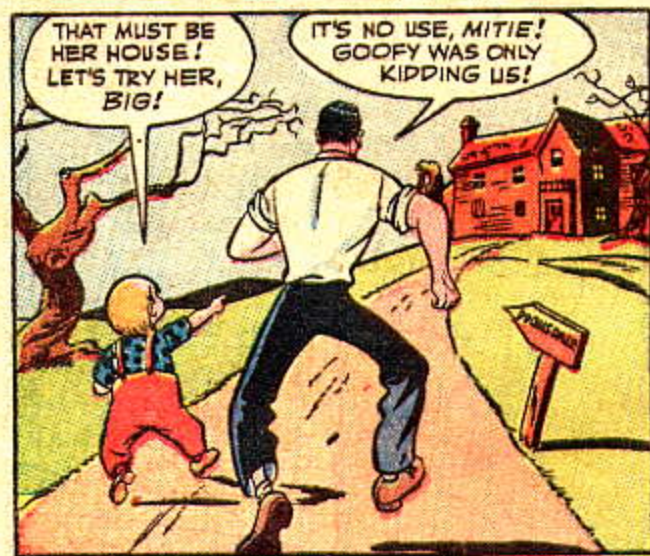
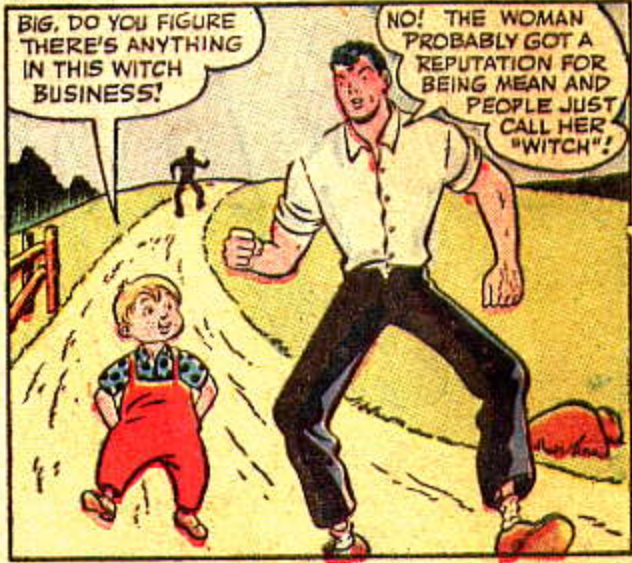
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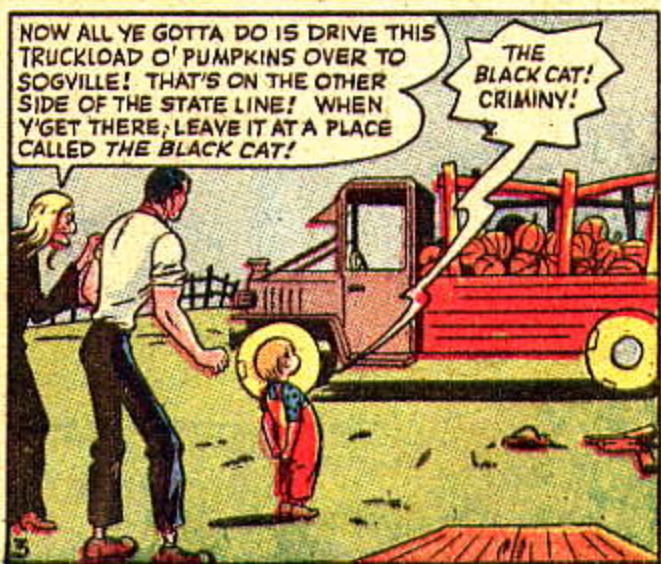
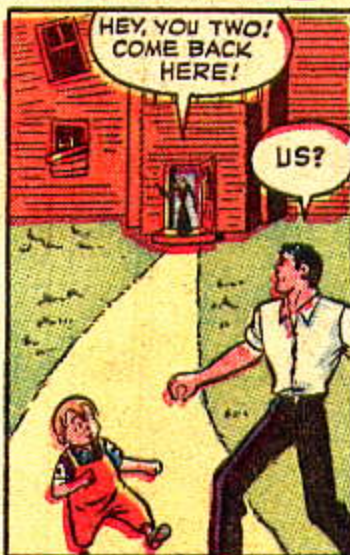
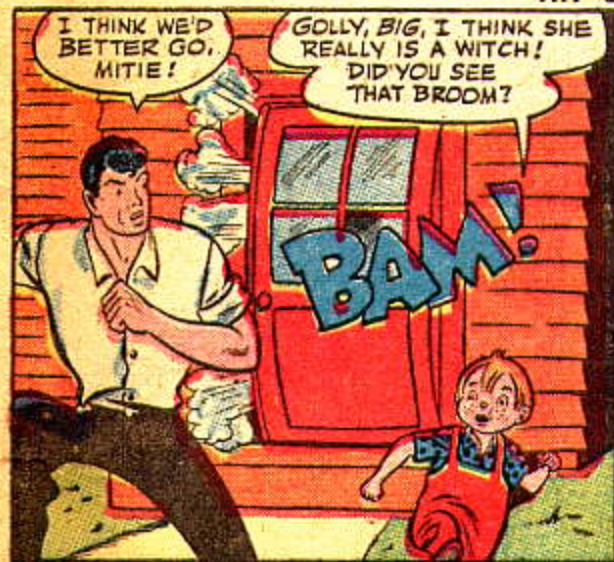
BIG BROTHER



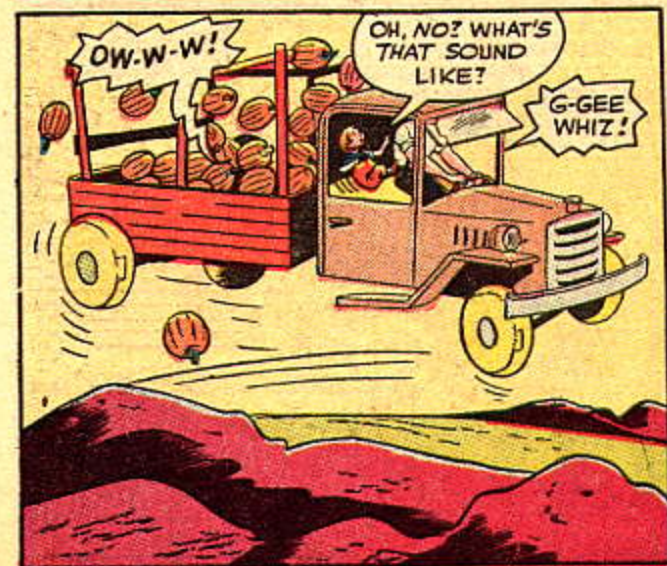
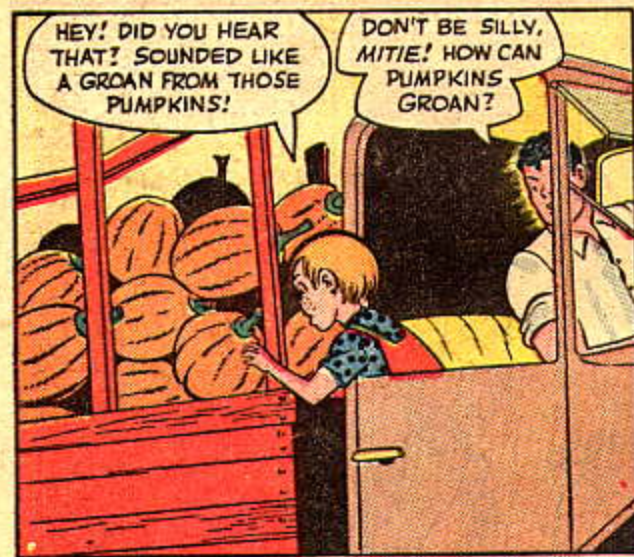
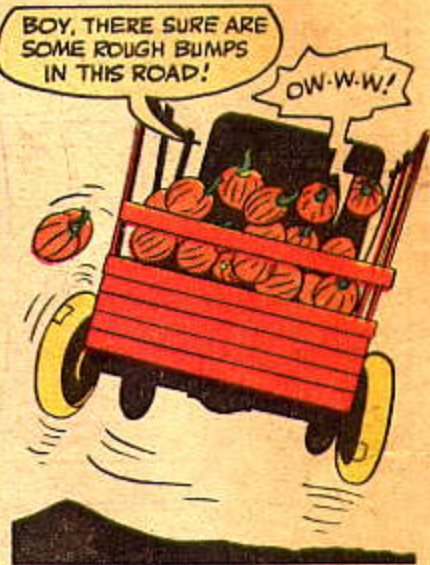
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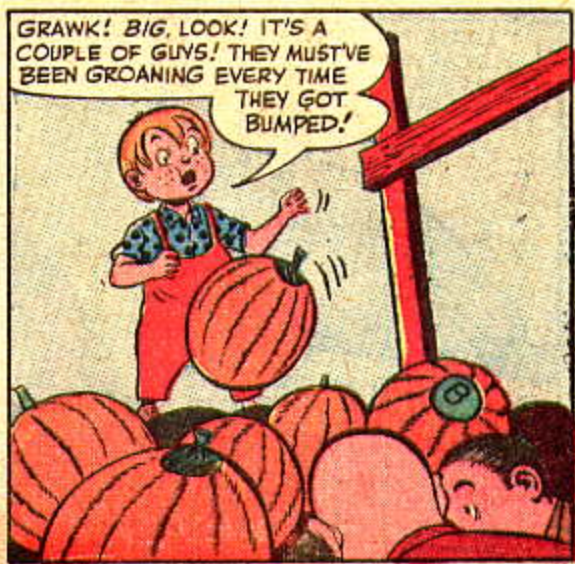
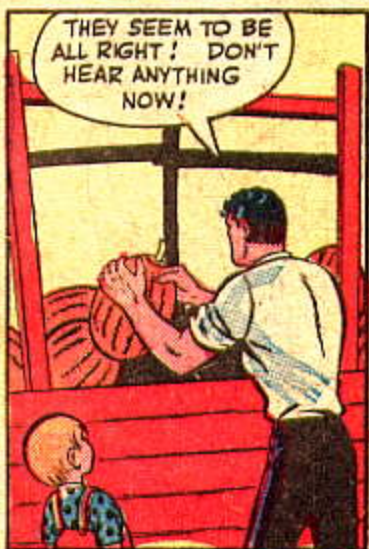
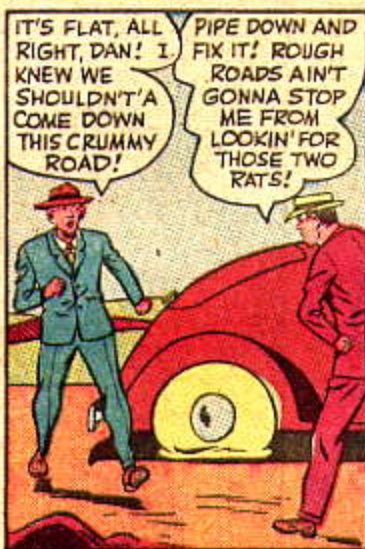
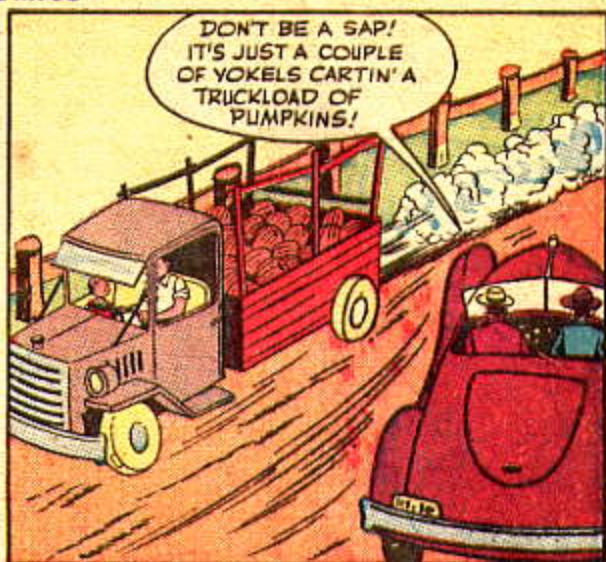
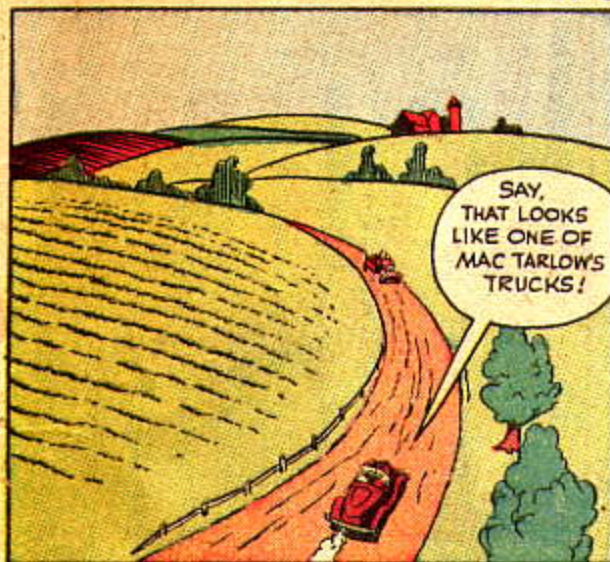


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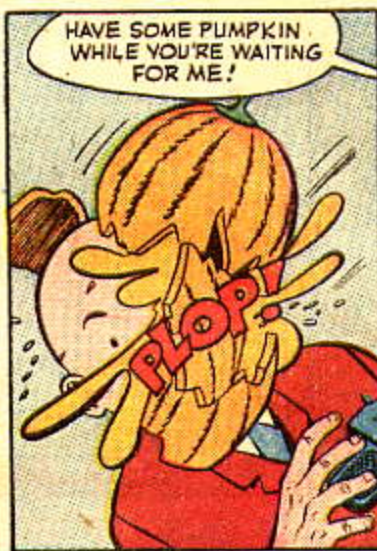
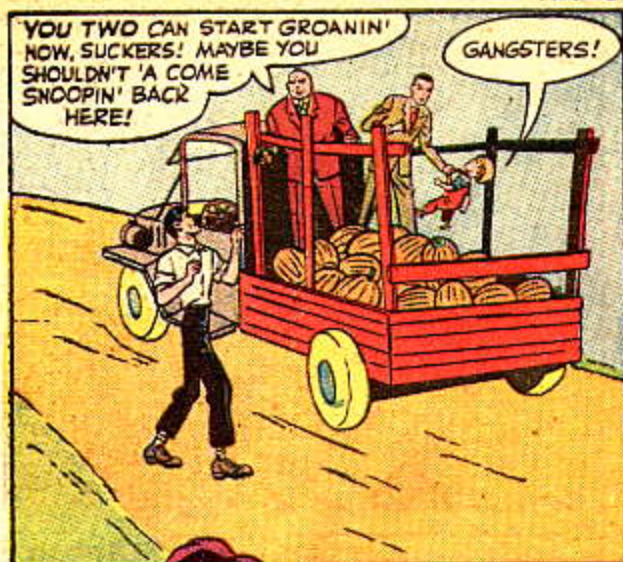


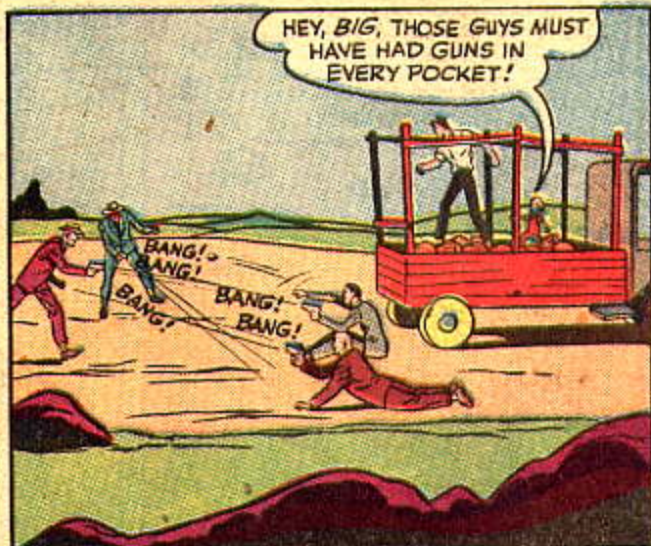
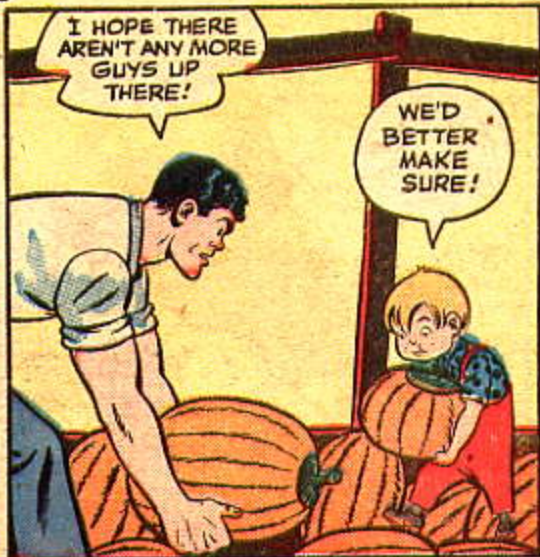
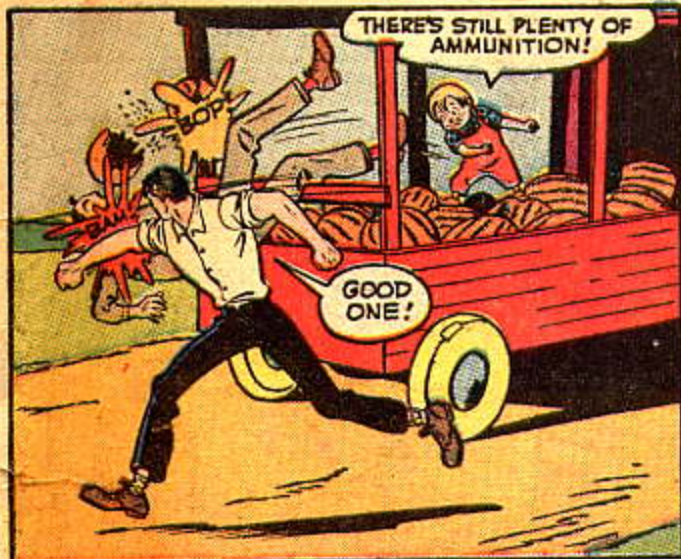
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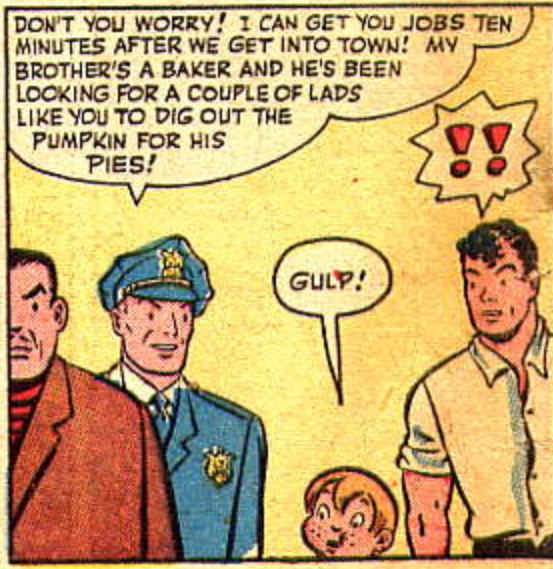
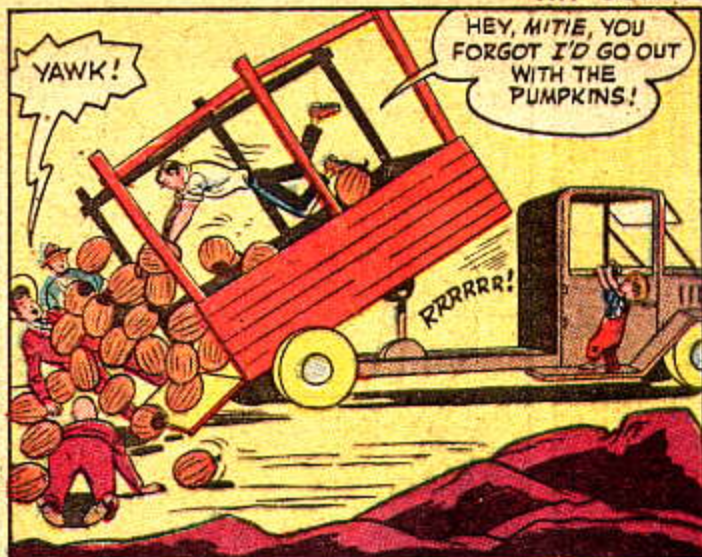




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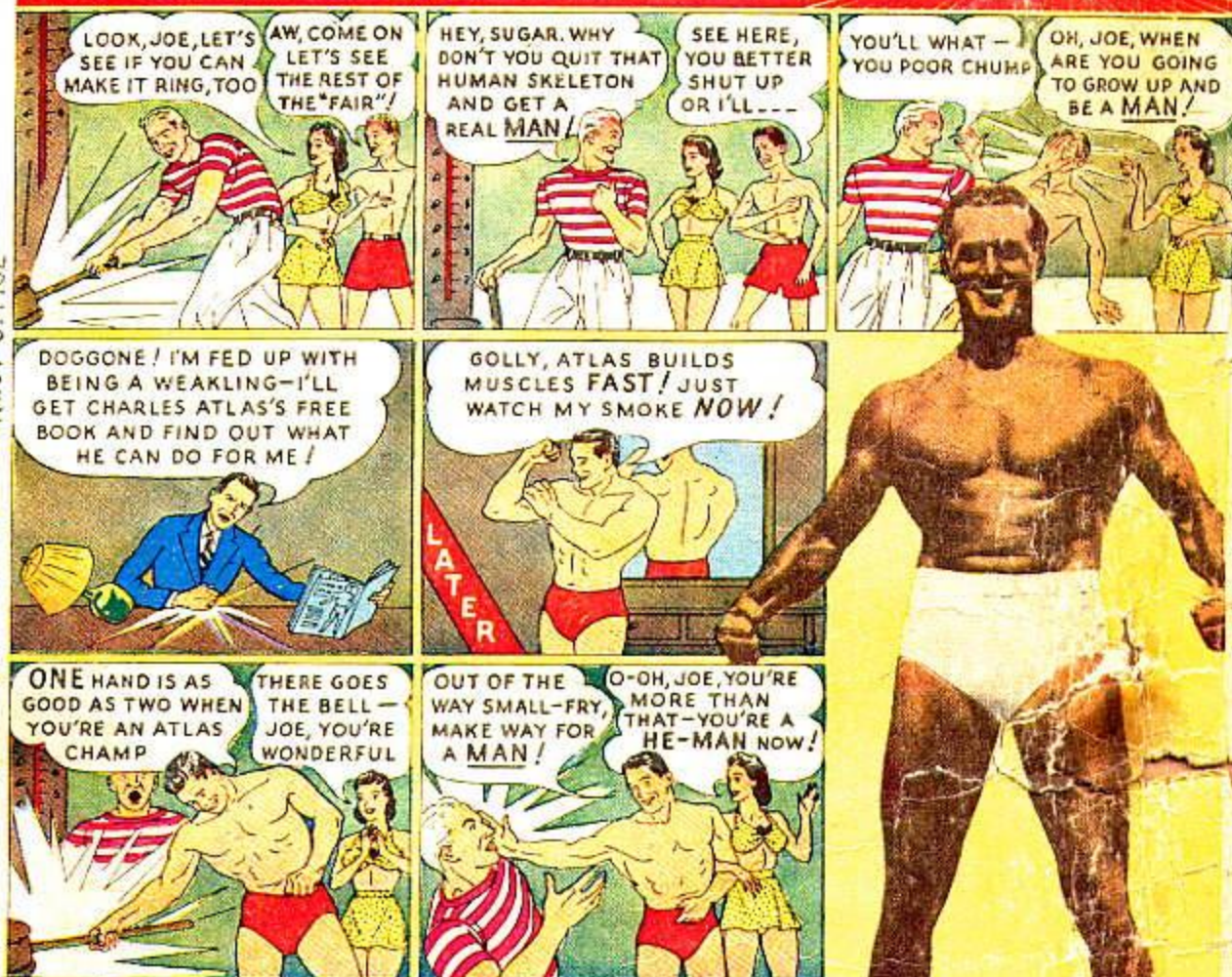
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